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REVIEWS

Our Village: Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery. By Mary Russell Mitford. Fifth Series. London: Whittaker, Treacher & Co.

THERE are four and twenty sketches in this volume; some of them old acquaintances; others we are not so sensible of having seen before; while a few, we apprehend, are wholly new. They aspire not to the rank of regular stories; there is scarcely in any of them that beginning, middle, and end, which some critics call for; they are strictly and truly what the name implies, sketches of rustic, or rather, rural character, and may be described as portions of the life of each person they seek to delineate. Their fidelity is a great beauty—Miss Mitford has more of the right true country English feeling than almost any other living writer; she is always easy and natural—always full of good sense and original observation: she is acquainted with the pride of the humble, and the imprudencies of the prudent; she paints landscapes with much of the truth and clearness of Gainsborough, and, like him, she peoples her scenes, not with the creations of her own fancy, so much as with the children of the soil, a little ragged sometimes, and their toilettes neglected, but so full of life that we cannot help seeing them before us as we read. Her fame has flown far and wide, and she has taken her rank with the ablest writers of the age: honours ought to be paid to her in every cottage: her works are—many of the best of them, at least—pictures of the manners and feelings of our peasantry; and she has had the good sense to see that our rustics are not so wholly depraved and shameless, as Crabbe, with little charity, has drawn them. She sees with an unprejudiced eye, and feels with an honest heart; she has no affectations of either sentiment or manner; she deals in no ornate and ink-horn tailed words; she has none of the punning snip-snap of the city—none of the rudeness of the country; she writes in a true healthy style; her pages have much of the new-mown hay and the new blossomed bean-field about them. We cannot, however, conceal from ourselves, that some of her sketches are much too slight, and many of her incidents trivial; she can be tedious when she chooses; her characters, we suppose from the faithfulness of the copy, are occasionally too faintly marked, and even some of her liveliest delineations end in nothing. All the beauties which we have described, (but none of the blemishes we have hinted at,) were visible to a late lamented friend of ours, William Ritchie, of Edinburgh: he was a thorough Mitfordite, though a critic, and a sharp one, as the columns of his *Scotsman* can testify: honey took the place of gall on his lips whenever he spoke of the works of Mary Russell

Mitford,—for he gave her the advantage of all her name, and loved to repeat it. But the admiration of our friend was not a blind one; he had studied the genius which he worshipped; he saw in her works so much truth, so much nature, and so much feeling, that he could not but consider her as the most accomplished Englishwoman of the age. He had never seen her; and the last time we saw him was when he shook hands with us, and departed on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Mary Russell Mitford, at Three Mile Cross. Peace be with him!

It is the practice of Miss Mitford, in her sketches, first to draw the localities, and then to people them in the spirit of the scene; it is thus she commences her sketch called the 'Rat-catcher;' any one who can handle a brush might paint from such a description:—

"Beautifully situated on a steep knoll, overhanging a sharp angle in the turnpike road, which leads through our village of Aberleigh, stands a fantastic rustic building, with a large yew-tree on one side, a superb weeping ash hanging over it on the other, a clump of elms forming a noble back-ground behind, and all the prettinesses of porches garlanded with clematis, windows mantled with jessamine, and chimneys wreathed with luxuriant ivy, adding grace to the picture. To form a picture, most assuredly, it was originally built,—a point of view, as it is called, from Allonby Park, to which the bye-road that winds round this inland cape, or headland, directly leads; and most probably it was also copied from some book of tasteful designs for lodges or ornamented cottages, since not only the building itself, but the winding path that leads up the acclivity, and the gate which gives entrance to the little garden, smack of the pencil and the graver.

"For a picture certainly, and probably from a picture, was that cottage erected, although its ostensible purpose was merely that of a receiving-house for letters and parcels for the park; to which the present inhabitant, a jolly, bustling, managing dame, of great activity and enterprise in her own peculiar line, has added the profitable occupation of a thriving and well-accustomed village-shop; contaminating the picturesque old-fashioned bay-window of the fancy letter-house, by the vulgarities of red-herrings, tobacco, onions, and salt-butter; a sight which must have made the projector of her elegant dwelling stare again,—and forcing her customers to climb up and down an ascent almost as steep as the roof of a house, whenever they wanted a penny-worth of needles, or a halfpenny-worth of snuff; a toil whereat some of our poor old dames groaned aloud. Sir Henry threatened to turn her out, and her customers threatened to turn her off; but neither of these events happened. Dinah Forde appeased her landlord and managed her customers: for Dinah Forde was a notable woman; and it is really surprising what great things, in a small way, your notable woman will compass."

This notable dame numbered among her customers, the individual whose profession

gives a name to the sketch; see with what truth and ease she handles his character.

"Sam Page was, as I have said, an old acquaintance of our's, although neither as a resident of Aberleigh, nor in his capacity of rat-catcher, both of which were recent assumptions. It was, indeed, a novelty to see Sam Page as a resident anywhere. His abode seemed to be the highway. One should as soon have expected to find a gipsy within stone walls, as soon have looked for a hare in her last year's form, or a bird in her old nest, as for Sam Page in the same place a month together: so completely did he belong to that order which the lawyers call vagrants, and the common people designate by the significant name of tramps; and so entirely of all rovers did he seem the most roving, of all wanderers the most unsettled. The winds, the clouds, even our English weather, were but a type of his mutability.

"Our acquaintance with him had commenced above twenty years ago, when, a lad of some fifteen or thereaway, he carried muffins and cakes about the country. The whole house was caught by his intelligence and animation, his light active figure, his keen grey eye, and the singular mixture of shrewdness and good-humour in his sharp but pleasant features. Nobody's muffins could go down but Sam Page's. We turned off our old stupid deaf cakeman, Simon Brown, and appointed Sam on the instant. (N.B. This happened at the period of a general election, and Sam wore the right colour, and Simon the wrong.) Three times a week he was to call. Faithless wretch!—he never called again! He took to selling election ballads, and carrying about hand-bills. We waited for him a fortnight, went muffinless for fourteen days, and then, our candidate being fairly elected, and blue and yellow returned to their original nonimportance, were fain to put up once more with poor old deaf Simon Brown.

"Sam's next appearance was in the character of a letter-boy, when he and a donkey set up a most spirited opposition to Thomas Hearne and the post cart. Everybody was dissatisfied with Thomas Hearne, who had committed more sins than I can remember, of forgetfulness, irregularity, and all manner of postman-like faults; and Sam, when applying for employers, made a most successful canvass, and for a week performed miracles of punctuality. At the end of that time he began to commit, with far greater vigour than his predecessor, Thomas Hearne, the several sins for which that worthy had been discarded. On Tuesday he forgot to call for the bag in the evening; on Wednesday he omitted to bring it in the morning; on Thursday he never made his appearance at all; on Friday his employers gave him warning; and on Saturday they turned him off. So ended this hopeful experiment.

"Still, however, he continued to travel the country in various capacities. First, he carried a tray of casts; then a basket of Staffordshire ware; then he cried cherries; then he joined a troop of riddle-men, and came about redder than a red Indian; then he sported a barrel-organ, a piece of mechanism of no small pretensions, having two sets of puppets on the top, one of girls waltzing, the other of soldiers at

drill; then he drove a knife-grinder's wheel; then he led a bear and a very accomplished monkey; then he escorted a celebrated company of dancing dogs; and then, for a considerable time, during which he took a trip to India and back, we lost sight of him.

"He reappeared, however, at B. Fair, where one year he was showman to the Living Skeleton, and the next a performer in the tragedy of the Edinburgh Murders, as exhibited every half-hour at the price of a penny to each person. Sam showed so much talent for melodrama, that we fully expected to find him following his new profession, which offered all the advantage of the change of place and of character which his habits required; and on his being again, for several months, an absentee, had little doubt but he had been promoted from a booth to a barn, and even looked for his name amongst a party of five strollers, three men and two women, who issued play-bills at Aberleigh, and performed tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, and pantomime, with all the degrees and compounds thereof described by Polonius, in the great room at the Rose, divided for the occasion into a row of chairs called the Boxes, at a shilling per seat, and two of benches called the Pit, at sixpence. I even suspected that a Mr. Theodore Fitzhugh, the genius of the company, might be Sam Page fresh christened. But I was mistaken. Sam, when I saw him again, and mentioned my suspicion, pleaded guilty to a turn for the drama; he confessed that he liked acting of all things, especially tragedy, 'it was such fun.' But there was a small obstacle to his pursuit of the more regular branches of the histrionic art—the written drama: our poor friend could not read. To use his own words, 'he was no scholar;' and on recollecting certain small aberrations which had occurred during the three days that he carried the letter-bag, and professed to transact errands, such as the mis-delivery of notes, and the non-performance of written commissions, we were fain to conclude that, instead of having, as he expressed it, 'somehow or other got rid of his learning,' learning was a blessing which Sam had never possessed, and that a great luminary was lost to the stage simply from the accident of not knowing his alphabet."

The denouement is excellent; the men of Hinton had challenged those of Aberleigh to a cricket-match, and the Rat-catcher and the Lord of the Manor are represented discussing the matter on the previous evening.

"Well, Sam, we are to win this match." "I hope so, please your honour. But I'm sorry to say I shan't be at the winning of it."

"Not here, Sam! What, after rattling the stumps about so gloriously last time, won't you stay to finish them now? Only think how those Hinton fellows will crow! You must stay over Wednesday."

"I can't, your honour. 'Tis not my fault. But, here I've had a lawyer's letter on the part of Mrs. Forde, about the trifle of rent, and a bill that I owe her; and if I'm not off to-night, Heaven knows what she'll do with me!"

"The rent—that can't be much. Let's see if we can't manage"—

"Aye, but there's a longish bill, sir," interrupted Sam. "Consider, we are seven in family."

"Seven!" interrupted, in his turn, the other interlocutor.

"Aye, sir, counting the dogs and the ferrets, poor beasts! For I suppose she has not charged for the jay's board, though 'twas that unlucky bird made the mischief."

"The jay! What could he have to do with the matter? Dinah used to be as fond of him as if he had been her own child! and I always thought Dinah Forde a good-natured woman."

"So she is, in the main, your honour," replied

Sam, twirling his hat, and looking half shy and half sly, at once knowing and ashamed. "So she is, in the main; but this, somehow, is a particular sort of an affair. You must know, sir," continued Sam, gathering courage as he went on, "that at first the widow and I were very good friends, and several of these articles which are charged in the bill, such as milk for the ferrets, and tea and lump-sugar, and young onions for myself, I verily thought were meant as presents; and so I do believe at the time she did mean them. But, howsoever, Jenny Dobbs, the nurserymaid at the park, (a pretty black-eyed lass—perhaps your honour may have noticed her walking with the children), she used to come out of an evening like to see us play cricket, and then she praised my bowling, and then I talked to her, and so at last we began to keep company; and the jay, owing, I suppose, to hearing me say so sometimes, began to cry out, 'Pretty Jenny Dobbs!'"

"Well, and this affronted the widow?"

"Past all count, your honour. You never saw a woman in such a tantrum. She declared I had taught the bird to insult her, and posted off to Lawyer Latitat. And here I have got this letter, threatening to turn me out, and put me in gaol, and what not, from the lawyer; and Jenny, a false-hearted jade, finding how badly matters are going with me, turns round and says, that she never meant to have me, and is going to marry the French Mounseer, (Sir Henry's French valet,) a foreigner and a papist, who may have a dozen wives before for any thing she can tell. These women are enough to drive a man out of his senses!" And poor Sam gave his hat a mighty swing, and looked likely to cry from a mixture of grief, anger, and vexation. "These women are enough to drive a man mad!" reiterated Sam, with increased energy.

"So they are, Sam," replied his host, administering a very efficient dose of consolation, in the shape of a large glass of Cognac brandy; which, in spite of its coming from his rival's country, Sam swallowed with hearty good-will. "So they are. But Jenny's not worth fretting about: she's a poor feckless thing after all, fitter for a Frenchman than an Englishman. If I were you, I would make up to the widow: she's a person of property, and a fine comely woman into the bargain. Make up to the widow, Sam; and drink another glass of brandy to your success!"

We cannot find room for the character or doings of young Master Ben, one of the imps of the village; nor, indeed, can we afford space for any more quotation. We have nearly given a sketch entire, and we have done so from a feeling that our readers will see more of the merits of the authoress at this sort of full-length delineation, than had we made up our paper with clever scraps picked out of the whole four and twenty sketches.

Santarem; or, Sketches of Society and Manners in the Interior of Portugal. London: Fisher.

We remember to have read in one of the letters of Father Almeida, a celebrated Portuguese writer, that it would be well to oblige authors to publish a table of contents in the title-pages of their works. Had the writer of 'Santarem' honestly observed this wholesome rule, it would have saved us the trouble of wading through his work, for such an abstract must have run much after this fashion: "An absurd account of the adventures of an unknown hospital mate in England, while endeavouring to find a passage to Portugal, and of the author's adventures during a short residence in that country; with the

particulars of what he saw there during a journey of fifty miles; and an abundance of silly gossip relating to his English friends, his patients, and his acquaintances, interspersed with desultory nonsense on the Portuguese."

The author of 'Santarem' is, it appears, a medical man, and a wonderfully clever fellow. He was but young when he went to Portugal, yet "he knew himself competent to perform his duty, from the humble operation of bleeding, up to the most serious one—or, of giving his advice either concerning the administration of a black dose, or the most powerful remedy in the last stage of a complicated disease." Indeed, a military man, whom the writer rather ungratefully holds up to ridicule, observed at Cox & Greenwood's, that he was the cleverest doctor in the army. As to languages, he understands them by instinct—a French gentleman assured him, that he spoke French as it ought to be written, and, of course, Portuguese is like his mother's tongue to him. We naturally enough perused a work written by such a man with a humbled mind, and have acquired a great deal of knowledge in consequence: we learnt, for instance, that John the Seventh was the father of Don Pedro and Don Miguel, although we had believed there were but six Johns among the Kings of Portugal—that the Friars are called Dons in Portugal, although we never heard one so called, and they are not, even in Spain, where this sort of cattle is plentiful as blackberries—that the author was fortunate enough to meet with a Portuguese and his son, Jews, but gentlemen of the highest respectability, the father a Commander of Malta, although a Commander of Malta cannot be a Jew, and must be a bachelor—and many other equally pleasant originalities, which we are assured in the preface "may be implicitly relied on." If, indeed, we were inclined to question the accuracy of some of these statements, there is that honest confidence about this writer, consequent on his extensive knowledge, which would silence us in a moment—indeed, we never felt so humbled as when reading his work. We found ourselves utterly ignorant of what is known to all others—thus, "Passion week," he observes, "begins, as all Christendom knows, or ought to know, on Wednesday before Easter." Now, we acknowledge, with all humility, that we had imagined that all Christendom knew it began on the Sunday before Easter; but it is possible that some joke is here intended, for we have a little marginal direction to look to the bottom of the page, and there we are advised to "See Note in the Appendix;" and it was only on reference that we found out the sly humour of this, for there is no Appendix to the work.

Not content with startling us by his acute observations on men and things, and the profundity of his historical knowledge, the writer puzzles us with his speculative philosophy: "Where," he exclaims, when meditating on the vanity of all mundane things—"Where is the gold that came from Peru even so lately as the time of Columbus?" and we answer, "Where?" It would be mere folly should any reader interrupt his soliloquy by the impertinent hint, that Peru was not discovered until long after the death of Columbus—the fact no way affects the philosophy.

However, we are tired, and therefore will select two or three short extracts as a speci-

men of the work, and in good sober seriousness they shall be the best; and, brief as they may be, they will probably be one-fourth or one-third of all that is worth reading in the work; the following is an account of the only Lusitanian dinner to which the author was ever invited; it is a clever caricature:—

"On the last day of the *Intrada*, i. e. Shrove Tuesday, the day preceding that long fish-season, which certain holy persons are accustomed to designate as one of *fasting*, the *Sarjento Mór* made a grand dinner, to which I was invited; being the only occasion upon which I ever was invited to the table of a genuine Lusitanian. I am far from saying, or wishing to insinuate, that the people of Portugal do not dine; or that they are disinclined to hospitality; but convivial occasions are rare among, and even terrific to them. In the first place, they do not undertake such enterprises, without greatly degrading the ordinary course of their economy. The dinner (for instance,) of a good and respectable Portuguese family, is merely a muster for the purpose of satisfying hunger; and the *muster* is made more for the sake of convenience, than of social enjoyment. The animal wants being provided for by eating, the palate is cooled by a quart-draught of fair water; after which all heads go to sleep. This is their idea of enjoying a dinner: and, of course, it will at once appear, that the habit of somnolency after repelition—a habit which people easily fall into, the more easily when hereditary, and adopted from the earliest period of life—is utterly fatal to the hilarity, which an English dinner is designed and adapted to promote. To meals of this kind, therefore, strangers are seldom invited, and would feel but slight inducement to go. The table may be *plentifully* spread; but the cookery is coarse, and worse than coarse: while the garniture is anything but elegant.

"Upon the occasion more particularly alluded to, the Serjeant had mustered *strong* indeed. The company consisted of his *senhora*—a brother, who came in an ecclesiastical garb, and who was introduced to me, as a *beneficiado*,* of some establishment ruined by the French, and the reader's very obedient servant—a *partie carrée*.

"Whether a larger muster might not have been made upon some other more exclusive family occasion, I know not; but upon the eve of *Ash Wednesday*, it was a sort of duty, (albeit toilsome and laborious,) for every family to eat up their own provender. It would have been utterly at variance with all practice and notions, to have fed animals on through forty days, to no purpose; and therefore this was a fatal hour for bipeds and quadrupeds, whether of the feather or the fur.

"We began the solemn business of the occasion, with an ocean of cabbage, beans, oil, *bucal-hao*,† beef, bacon, pumpkins, tomatoes, and water, boiled together, and presented in a tureen. This I understood was *soup*. What order the sequences came forth in, I do not recollect; but I have a confused remembrance of lumps of something swimming in oil, and strengthened with fluid salt butter. I think there was a leash of *coelhos*‡; and there was a hopeful kid, (like the negro's pig, *tam little, mut tam ole*,) baked entire. All this would not be very relating but for the circumstances, which astonished me not a little, of every dish being cleared as it was produced. Three people, for I declare I could not perform my part of the play, devoured the *olla podrida*, the lumps, the rabbits, and the kid, with amazing despatch.

"In the meantime, there was no want of wine from the worthy *sarjenta's* quinta, or farm, in the

neighbourhood; which, having been brought in the skins of the pigs, whose, 'bones, and ribs, and flesh, and features,' had been required to enrich the *pot-au-feu*, tasted like a decoction of rhubarb. Well, we are not done yet—after all this came water-melons, as big as Chinese lanterns, and almost as void, excepting of the saccharine liquor for which they are remarkable, and oranges by the bushel, with insipid and thick grapes by the crop. Everything was entombed; and, to my definitive confusion, (who had by this time, by dint and force of example, began to feel symptoms of surfeit, though *good manners* forbade me to mention it,) there came a huge, coarse, brown dish of some luscious composition, resembling in its external aspect our peas-pudding, of which one spoonful was all I could discuss; and which was despatched with as much avidity as if the company had eaten nothing since that day twelvemonth.

"To close and crown all, the cooling draught of the element was not omitted, and, being presented in a tall clear glass, it was not difficult to ascertain that it contained no full-grown horse-leeches; the never-failing inhabitants of those classical stone fountains which decorate the borders of the high-ways.

"The only resource in such a serious case was (by natural propensities and established habits,) denied to me—viz. *sleep*. I suffered while they snored."

What follows, is the report of a conversation with one of his Portuguese friends; and absurd as it may appear to the English reader, we can believe that it is honestly reported.

"It chanced on some occasion, that our discourse fell upon national merit and distinctions. He observed with great force, and considerable appearance of truth, that the English were a well-meaning people, and great favourites with the Portuguese nation; as a proof of which, these gave them their strong wines to drink, and the courage thereby inspired, had certainly made them very useful in helping to drive the French out of the country. 'Help! help! Sir,' said I, taken rather by surprise. 'Yes, yes,' said he, they certainly *did* help; they behaved very well when the enemy passed through this town, for they followed our *caçadores*§ with great alacrity; and when they came up with the French, stood their ground with considerable bravery.' 'Why,' said I, 'I have been sadly misinformed, for I always understood that the Portuguese regiments accompanied the English, and did tolerably well under British officers.' 'Oh, no, quite the contrary; I assure you the English army is commanded by Portuguese officers.'

"Indeed! and pray who commands the Portuguese army? Is it not Marshal Beresford?"

"I believe so; but you know he is an Irishman, and consequently a *Christian*, (is he? thinks I to myself,) and he never saw any service till he came into our country."

"It was absurd to take offence with a gentleman of this stamp; so I gave up the claims of the *army*, as not likely to be established by any arguments of mine; and turned his attention to the other strong arm of old England.

"Well, *Senhor*, I cannot possibly pretend to know so much about Portugal as you do, and I am not myself a combatant; but what do you think of the British *navy*? You will allow that they have done their work; for they have not left an enemy to fight with."

"Your navy! excellent! the best sailors in the world—the very bravest—and the finest ships. How lucky that they are commanded by Portuguese!"

Passion Week.

"It begins, as all Christendom knows, or

ought to know, on Wednesday before Easter; and during day and night, there is service kept up in the Catholic churches.

"The passer through the streets of Portugal sees little of the ladies. They look at him with scrutinizing eyes, from their balconies; but he may readily fall into the mistake of philandering after an old woman, instead of a young one. Their dress resembles dominoes, and their faces are not *discriminable*. But during passion-week the jewels of the land are submitted to view. Then are to be seen flocks of fascination going in procession to church; then, and then only, are the beauties of Portugal to be contemplated without danger or constraint—but to be contemplated only.

"The churches are always redolent of some sort of gum-resin or other, which profanes the name of incense; being, I believe, for the most part a mixture of the cheapest aromatic gum, and of dried herbs; and it used to be a relief from walking in the oppressively-filthy streets of Lisbon, or other large towns, to slink into a church (the doors being always open) to breathe, if not a purer, at least a less offensive atmosphere. But, during Ash-Wednesday, Holy-Thursday, and Good-Friday, these hallowed fanes are strewn with yew-branches, and other pungent shrubs; the odour of which helps to fix the aspect of the occasion upon the memory, so that it cannot be forgotten. The galaxy of loveliness, the solemnity of the service, the imposing grandeur, the illumination of the altar, the occasional music of the choir, and the incessant *recitativo* of the officiating priests, the herby-rous aroma, and other circumstances, which may partly have escaped my memory, or may depend upon occasional causes, form the *reality*, which dramatists endeavour to display, and imperfectly succeed in conveying, to the listless notice of an English audience.

"I need not say, that in the church of the *Seminario*, these ceremonies were as resplendent as they could be made. In fact, all sacred spectacles were uncommonly well got up there. * *

"Here then I seldom failed, during the season in question, to pass every hour which was not demanded by duty or repose. I believe the service was kept up by relays of clergy, and also of attendants, for three days and nights. At least, whenever I went in, the church was full; and not that church only, but all the others."

Le Livre des Cent-et-Un. Vol. VII. Paris, 1832. Ladvocat.

THE seventh volume of this entertaining work has just reached us, and we lose not a moment in offering it to the notice of our readers. It contains several excellent papers, some of which, we regret, will not bear such abridgment as would bring them within the limits of our columns. The names of the writers in this volume, are Thomas Lenormand, Léon Guérin, Décléuze, Brazier, D'Outrepont, the late Benjamin Constant, Founet, Edmond Mennechet, Felix Bodin, Jal, the elder Dupin, Gaillardet, Fontaney, the ex-minister and captive De Peyronnet, and the poet Victor Hugo.

In selecting our translations for this week, we hesitated between Benjamin Constant's sketches of leading characters, and Peyronnet's clever paper on the Castle of Ham, in which he and his late colleagues are doomed to pine away their sad existence in endless captivity. But the former being better suited to the space to which other matter has confined us in the present number, we have deferred Peyronnet's article.

* A clergyman, I believe, of the *secular* church; perhaps analogous to our *curate* in England; but I am not sure.

† Stock-fish.

‡ Rabbits.

§ Light Infantry.

SKETCHES BY BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

M. de Talleyrand.

"That which determined M. de Talleyrand's vocation, was the deformity of his feet. His parents, finding him lame, decided that he should embrace the ecclesiastical state, and that his brother should become the chief of the family. Hurt, though resigned, M. de Talleyrand assumed the priestly garb as he would a suit of armour, and boldly entered upon his spiritual career, determined to make the most of his profession.

"Until the breaking out of the revolution, he was known only as a man of wit and gallantry. On becoming a member of the Constituent Assembly, he immediately joined the minority of the nobles, and took his station between Siéyès and Mirabeau. He was then perhaps sincere, for every man is sincere at some period of his life. Besides, in those days, there was a perfect concordance between opinion and interest.

"To shine in the assembly, it was necessary to work hard. Now, M. de Talleyrand was most deplorably idle; but he possessed a certain lordly talent of making others work.

"When I saw him on his return from America, he was without fortune, was an object of suspicion to the government, and halted through the streets as he went to pay his court from one drawing-room to another. Yet, at this period, he had every morning upwards of forty persons waiting in his ante-chamber, and his levee resembled that of a prince.

"He joined in the revolution merely from interested motives, and was not a little surprised when he found that the consequences of the revolution led to his proscription, and forced him to fly from France. From the deck of the vessel which carried him to England, he looked at the coast he had just quitted, and exclaimed, 'I will never again be caught making a revolution for the benefit of others.' And he has kept his word.

"Unjustly driven from England, he took refuge in America, where he spent three years of ennui. His companion in exile and misfortune, was the Marquis de Blacous, also a member of the Constituent Assembly,—a man of talent, but a determined gambler, who committed suicide on his return to Paris, because he was sick of his life and of his creditors. M. de Talleyrand went through all the American towns leaning upon the arm of his friend, because he was unable to walk alone.

"When he afterwards became a minister of state, M. de Blacous, who had returned to France on his invitation, applied to him for a place worth six hundred francs a year. But he gave no answer to this application, and refused even to see Blacous, who then shot himself. One of their mutual friends, much moved at this catastrophe, bitterly reproached M. de Talleyrand, and said to him, 'You are the cause of Blacous' death.' M. de Talleyrand listened quietly to these reproaches, as he leant against a mantel-piece, and then replied with a yawn, 'Poor Blacous!'

"Whilst in America, having received the news of Madame de Staël's return to France, he begged his friends to urge her to pave the way for his recall from exile. To induce her to do so, was no difficult matter, for Madame de Staël is, of all women, the one who most delights in rendering kind services. She thinks that an act of kindness cannot be refused—as if there were anything in this world that could not be refused. She exerted herself in M. de Talleyrand's cause with the most admirable zeal, and, thanks to her, Chenier represented him to the Convention as one of the purest of republicans, and the sworn foe of monarchy at all times. The Convention, which, at this period, voted, in its fits of enthusiasm, equally the proscription

of its members and the recall of its enemies, decreed the recall of M. de Talleyrand.

"On his return, he aimed at getting into the ministry, and was again successful through the influence of Madame de Staël."

Madame Recamier, La Harpe, Madame de Staël, and M. Necker.

"Among the distinguished females of our own times, whom a beautiful person, the charms of superior intellect, and a noble disposition, have rendered celebrated, there is one whom I will describe. Her beauty first excited admiration, her mind afterwards became known, and appeared still more admirable than her beauty. Her intercourse with society afforded her intellect the means of development, and her wit was inferior neither to her mind nor to her beauty.

"She was scarcely turned thirteen when she married a man who, being exclusively devoted to immense banking operations, was unable to guide her extreme youth; and she was almost wholly abandoned to her own impulses, in a country then little better than chaos.

"All grades of society were mingled together—all ranks and conditions confounded. The old families were destroyed; the newly-acquired fortunes were precarious. The laws which had governed the past were annihilated—those which were to govern the present, had no connexion with previously acquired habits. Opinion, which supplies the place of laws, had nothing established to rest on; no individual believed in himself or in others; and persons of the higher ranks of society escaped persecution only by losing themselves in the crowd of upstarts, like a drop of water mingling with the ocean. The latter, who felt that all which had preceded was in opposition to them, mistook for so many enemies, religion, morals, recollections, and even the decencies of life. Morals no longer commanded esteem, and power was divorced from respect.

"Many females of this period have filled Europe with their divers claims to celebrity. Most have paid the tribute to the age in which they lived—some by the violation of female delicacy and decorum, others by a culpable condescension towards succeeding tyrannies.

"She whose portrait I am sketching, was able to escape from the contagion of an atmosphere which blighted those whom it failed to corrupt. Her extreme youth was her first safeguard; so beautifully had the creator of this perfect being turned to her profit even that which might be supposed most disadvantageous to her. Secluded from the world, and surrounded in her solitude by young friends of her own sex, she entered with them into the most infantine games. Her eyes, destined at a later period, to penetrate the very soul of all who encountered their glances, sparkled then with lively and childish gaiety. Her hair, which could not afterwards escape from the restraint imposed upon it, without filling the beholder with emotion, then hung, without danger to any one, in clustered ringlets upon her white shoulders. A lengthened burst of laughter then often interrupted her girlish conversation. But she already displayed those acute and rapid powers of observation which instantly seize upon the ridiculous; that amiable mischievousness which seeks for amusement without hurting the feelings of any one; and above all, that innate feeling of exquisite elegance, purity, and good taste, which constitutes true native nobleness, and stamps its imprint upon privileged beings.

"Fashionable society at that period was too little in harmony with her mind for her not to prefer solitude. Thus she was never seen at any of those houses open to all comers, because private or select society was suspected; whither all classes crowded, because people could speak there and say nothing, or meet each

other without committing themselves, and where vulgarity assumed the place of wit, licentiousness that of gaiety. She was never seen at that court of the Directory, where power was at the same time familiar and terrible, inspiring dread without escaping contempt.

"Nevertheless, she sometimes emerged from her retirement to go to the theatre or enjoy a walk on one of the public promenades; and it truly may be said, that her appearances at any of these places, to which every one had access, although they were not frequent and were always unexpected, passed for important events. The moment she came in sight, all other objects seemed forgotten, and each individual present crowded round her. The fortunate man who escorted her, had to surmount as an obstacle the very admiration she excited; and her progress was every moment impeded by the spectators. She enjoyed the effect thus produced by her charms with the gaiety of a child and the timidity of a bashful girl. But her mind wanted other food. An instinct for what is great and elevated made her love, by anticipation, and without knowing them, such men as had distinguished themselves by their genius and talents.

"M. de la Harpe was one of the first to appreciate a woman destined, at no distant period, to group around her all the celebrated characters of the age. He had known her in her infancy, renewed acquaintance after her marriage, and the conversation of this lovely child of only fourteen, had a thousand charms for a man whose excessive self-love and constant intercourse with the greatest minds in France, had rendered him very fastidious and difficult to please.

"When in company with Madame Recamier, M. de la Harpe threw off most of those defects which rendered all intercourse with him so extremely disagreeable. He took delight in becoming her guide, and was lost in admiration of the facility with which her powers of mind supplied the place of experience, and enabled her to comprehend all that he revealed to her on men and society. This occurred at the period of La Harpe's conversion, which so many have termed hypocritical. I am one of those who give him full credit for sincerity. A sense of religion is a faculty inherent in man; and it is absurd to pretend that such faculty is the offspring of fraud and deceit. Nothing can enter the human mind but what nature has placed there. Persecution, and an abuse of power in favour of certain dogmas, may lead to self-illusion, and make us detest that which we should most admire if left to our own unbiassed feelings; but, as soon as external causes are removed, we follow the primitive bent of our minds. When there is no longer any courage in resisting, we have no motive of self-applause in our opposition. Now, the revolution having stripped infidelity of its only merit, they whom vanity alone had driven to become infidels, might return to religion with sincerity.

"M. de la Harpe was of this number, and the hideous spectacle of misfortune by which he was surrounded, no doubt confirmed him in the propriety of his appeal to God, against the blind fury of his fellow men. But in his conversion, he carried with him that spirit of intolerance, that dogmatical temper, and bitterness of mind, which led him to imbibe new feelings of hatred without eradicating the old ones. All his religious asperities, however, disappeared in his intercourse with Madame Recamier. She knew little of the past, which alone was a subject of embarrassment to M. de la Harpe; and she therefore gave him no uneasiness by adverting to facts, which others brought to his recollection either by insinuations or by a significant silence. With her, therefore, he was at his ease, and he felt greater pleasure in the confidence with which he had inspired her, because he was un-

able to obtain the same confidence from every body. Certain of her believing all he said, he did not experience in her company that irritability which goaded him elsewhere, because he always fancied himself suspected of hypocrisy.

"It must not, however, be inferred, that what was ridiculous in M. de la Harpe's character, escaped the penetration of his lovely young friend; but she laughed at it in innocent gaiety, and not in mockery—she respected his age and his reputation. One of her distinctive qualities is to avoid, with a delicacy the more admirable, because it is scarcely to be perceived, all that can inflict pain. Her desire of avoiding to give uneasiness in her innocent jests is so well known, that nobody feels either humiliated or embarrassed at becoming the object of them. Each is pleased at seeing her in good spirits, and each is happy in being able to contribute to her amusement.

"Some time after her acquaintance with M. de la Harpe, Madame Recamier contracted a close and lasting friendship with a woman much more celebrated than he ever was. I mean Madame de Staël.

"M. Necker's name having been erased from the list of emigrants, that distinguished financier commissioned his daughter, Madame de Staël, to sell a house he possessed at Paris. M. Recamier became the purchaser, and this naturally gave his wife an opportunity of seeing Madame de Staël.

"The sight of this celebrated female at first raised an excessive degree of timidity in Madame Recamier. Madame de Staël's countenance has been the subject of much discussion; but her noble look, sweet smile, habitual expression of benevolence—the absence of all affectation and ceremonious reserve—flattering expressions, and words of direct praise, which seem to escape in the enthusiasm of the moment—and the inexhaustible variety of her conversational powers, surprise, attract, and win the suffrages of all who approach her. I know of no woman, nor even man, so fully convinced of her immense superiority over every one she meets, and who makes it sit so lightly.

"Nothing was more attractive than the conversation of Madame de Staël with her young friend. The rapidity with which the one expressed a thousand new ideas, and the facility with which the other seized and formed a judgment upon them—that masculine and powerful intellect which laid open everything, and that delicate and acute mind which comprehended all that was said, formed a union of power and intelligence impossible to be described, except by those who have enjoyed the happiness of witnessing it.

"Madame Recamier's friendship for Madame de Staël was fortified by a sentiment which both deeply felt, that of filial affection. Madame Recamier was tenderly attached to her mother, a woman of rare merit, whose health was then beginning to fail, and whose subsequent loss her daughter has never ceased to deplore. Madame de Staël, on the other hand, felt a devoted veneration for her father, which his death has only tended to increase. Always enthusiastic in her expressions, she became more so whenever she spoke of him. Her voice tremulous with emotion, her eyes filled with tears, and the sincerity of her enthusiasm, affected even those who did not share her opinion on her father's merits. Ridicule has often been thrown upon the praises she lavished upon him in her writings; but when she has been heard to speak upon this subject, it is impossible to make it a matter of jest, because nothing which is true in feeling can ever be ridiculous. Besides, M. Necker, although not a man of sufficient power to meet the difficulties of his situation, was, in many points, deserving of his daughter's praise. Few men have been actuated by intentions so pure

as his. Even his very pride preserved him from narrow or covetous personality. The self-respect by which he was governed, induced him to remain worthy of it in his own estimation. Himself, his wife, and his daughter, he considered beings of a privileged species, superior to the common herd of mankind; but it resulted from that feeling that he loved to act as agent in some of the dispensations of Providence, and that with a somewhat haughty demeanour he did a great deal of good. His intercourse with his daughter partook of the immense distance which he placed between the rest of the world, and all that emanated from himself. He enjoyed her wit, gracefulness and vivacity, and even her vehemence, as supernatural qualities. He felt towards her the protecting love of a parent combined with the respectful adoration of an humble and unknown lover. Madame de Staël's self-love, often satisfied, but sometimes wounded in society, because society is always severe with those who stand out from it too much in relief, was never in danger from her father, whose exclusive affection approved of everything she said or did, and whose partiality explained in her favour that of which people were surprised to see him unreservedly approve. Hence, that excessive affection for her father, whose indulgence appeared but justice, and whose suffrage was the best apology, and triumphantly answered all objections. When Madame de Staël spoke to Madame Recamier of her father, the latter admired in her the power and depth of the most respectable of feelings.

"There is something noble in admiration, which creates an attachment to him who can feel it, almost as great as to him who is the object of it; and Madame de Staël's attachment to her father was, besides, mingled with a feeling of regret, which made it more amiable. She was often absent from this father, whom she almost idolized. Her education at Paris, in the drawing-room of her mother, who considered it the highest enjoyment—nay, one of the first of duties—to shine in conversation, had rendered this kind of success an habitual want, which tormented her in the retirement of a country life. She therefore left M. Necker in his solitude during a part of the year, to seek applause at Paris, and, I must say the word, to court also persecution. But her delight at the admiration she excited, was mingled with a degree of remorse at not attending with sufficient assiduity to the comforts of her aged parent, who, despising all that surrounded him, could derive entertainment from her alone; and this feeling of remorse imparted to all she said an expression of sensitive melancholy, the effect of which was felt without its cause being known."

We shall continue our translations next week.

The Shâh Nâmeh of the Persian Poet Firdausi; translated and abridged, in Prose and Verse, with Notes and Illustrations. By James Atkinson, Esq. Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund of Great Britain and Ireland. London: Murray.

[This work obtained one of the Royal Gold Medals awarded by his Majesty for the best translation offered to the Oriental Translation Committee.]

WITH much of the spirit and manner of Ellis, in his abridgment of the old rhyming romances, Mr. Atkinson has gone to work with the great poem of the Persian Homer: he has translated the most touching and stirring passages into verse; connected them into one continued story, by the aid of descriptions in prose; and made a work of great interest even to the general reader. All those, and they must be many, who imagine the poetry of the east is all metaphors and

flowers, and that the voice of man is heard weak as that of a grasshopper amid a bed of roses and lilies, will be agreeably undeceived when they read the work of Firdausi. Instead of being all gums, odours, sweet-smelling herbs, and roses dipped in frankincense, his strains have much of the camp and the battle field—in short, he has both the trumpet and the lute in his verses; and though wanting somewhat of the rough nerve and muscular vigour of the minstrelsy of Europe, he was not without reason named the Eastern Homer. The story of the poet's life is soon told—nor is it uninteresting. He was born at Tûs, in Khorassân, in the year 950. He was bred a husbandman, and named Abul Kasim, or, as some say, Hassan; but grew distinguished more for his genius in song than for his skill in cultivating the ground. The rancour of a neighbour drove him from his native place, and without any particular aim, it is said, he directed his steps to Ghuznin, the residence of the conquering Shah Mahmûd. As he approached the city, he saw three eminent poets sitting under a tree drinking wine; and it was their pleasure to challenge the traveller, as he passed, to a trial in song. Unsari, the first poet, said, alluding to the loveliness of woman,

The light of the moon to thy splendour is weak.

To which Usjudi, the second bard, rejoined,

The rose is eclipsed by the bloom of thy cheek.

Furroki, the third poet, exclaimed in continuation,

Thy eye-lashes dart through the folds of the joshun.

On which the stranger surprised them by adding, without a moment's hesitation,

Like the javelin of Giw in the battle with Poshun.

This allusion the three bards requested to have explained, on which Hassan related the battle as described in the Bastan Nâmeh, or chronicle of Persia. They were so enraptured that they made him their companion, and introduced him to Shah Mahmûd, who soon loved the man so much, and felt so deeply the beauty of his strains, that he called him Firdausi, because he diffused over his court the joys of Paradise. This adventure opened a new scene of glory to Firdausi. Shah Mahmûd had commanded the ablest poets of the land to compose in verse seven stories or romances from the chronicles of Persia; and on this undertaking they were busy when Firdausi arrived: he procured a copy of the Bastan Nâmeh, and versified the account of the battles of Zohâk and Feridûn with so much beauty and vigour, that all competition was in vain; and he was then desired to write the Shâh Nâmeh, a work by which his name has become known to posterity.

This great poem was the labour of thirty years: the poet all the while resided at court—submitted his pages, as he composed them, to Shah Mahmûd—and ate baked meats and drank good wine with ministers of state and the mighty men of the earth. Though the distinction which he enjoyed excited, it is said, no envy in the breasts of his brethren, it was otherwise with Ayar, one of the court favourites: Firdausi had omitted to praise him when he commended others, and was rewarded by being denounced to Mahmûd as an unbeliever, who wrote poetry contrary to the true faith. Something little short of prostration saved him from this malevolent charge, and he continued his poem, rising

gradually in public estimation from year to year. The time of its completion was now at hand, and he expected a golden shower from the munificence of Mahmūd. Aiyar was made his paymaster, and the instructions were to take to the poet an elephant load of gold. The favourite, we know not by what process of reasoning, explained the order to mean an equal quantity of silver, and sent him 60,000 dirhems. Firdausi was in the bath when the bags arrived, and felt so exasperated at the insult, that he gave 20,000 pieces to the keeper of the bath, 20,000 to the seller of refreshments, and 20,000 to the slave who brought them. "The Sultan shall see," said the exasperated bard, "that I did not bestow the labour of thirty years on a work, to be rewarded with dirhems." This was worse than his sin against the true faith: his old enemy represented it as an insult offered to the sovereign; and an order was passed that the Persian Homer, who had brought Paradise to court, should be trampled to death under the feet of an elephant. The terrified poet hurried into the presence of Mahmūd, begged for mercy, and described so well the glories of a reign that would be sullied by his death, that the angry king relented, and revoked, though reluctantly, the order. Firdausi was now in years, and far from friends; for though his fame had flown far and wide, the realms of his tyrannic sovereign were wider still: but he forgot all this, and, stung with shame and anger, obtained from the librarian the royal copy of the Shāh Námeh, and wrote in it a satire on Mahmūd, burning with the wit and sarcasm of insulted genius, and fled into Hyrcania, and afterwards took refuge at Bagdad with the Caliph al Kāder Billah, in whose praise he added a thousand complements to his poem, and was rewarded with 60,000 dinars and a splendid robe of honour.

Here, or elsewhere, Firdausi lived to a good old age, respected for his genius as much as Mahmūd was blamed for his severity. The accounts of his death are various and contradictory: it is said that the king sent persons to search for him in every town, with orders to put him to death wherever he was found: on this he fled to Tūs, his native place; but, on the approach of his enemies, he took refuge in Rustemdar. The governor received him with kindness, and Firdausi was persuaded, by the promise of repose and the sum of 160 miskals of gold, to destroy his satire on Mahmūd. It is further said, that the king found out the treachery of his minister, and with the same breath that he banished him from his presence for ever, he recalled Firdausi, and sent him a robe of state and a present of gold. The poet did not live to receive such consolation: the present of gold was accepted by his family, and employed and used in the erection of public buildings. A more romantic account is given in Daulet Shah's 'Lives of the Poets of Persia.' Mahmūd, it is said, in one of his twelve expeditions into India, hearing one of his ministers repeat a passage from the Shāh Námeh, happily descriptive of his own situation at the time, was reminded of Firdausi, and, relenting of his severity, sent him a kind message and a valuable present. The messenger met the poet's body on its way to the grave; and his sister, with something of his own spirit, refused the present, saying "What have I to do now with the wealth of kings?"

In the translation of the Shāh Námeh, the

author has had recourse to many kinds of versification; and though he is no great master of the lyre, he gives us distinct images, and now and then vigour as well as harmony. We cannot, at this eleventh hour, go into any lengthened discussion on the merits of this first attempt to make us acquainted with the great poet of Persia: had it been the pleasure of the Committee or the author to have sent the work last week, we might have been induced to give some specimens of both the prose and verse: we can now spare room only for the description of the heroic Gurd-afriid:—

When tidings reached her of the fate Hujir
Had thus provoked, she dressed herself in mail,
And, hastily, beneath her helmet hid
Her glossy ringlets: down she, from the fort,
Came bravely like a lion, nobly mounted;
And as she approached the hostile army, called
With an undaunted voice. Sohrab beheld
The gallant foe with smiles, believing her
A boy of tender years, and, wondering, saw
The vigour of the arm opposed to him—
The force with which the pointed spear was thrown.
Assailed so bravely, he drew forth his nose,
And, casting it around the enemy, brought
Her headlong to the ground. Off flew her helm,
When her luxuriant tresses scattered loose,
And cheeks of radiant bloom, her sex betrayed!

Of the translation, by M. Stanislas Julien, from the 'Hoei-San-Ki,' for the publication of which we are also indebted to the Oriental Translation Fund, we shall take an early opportunity of making a report.

A Lecture delivered over the Remains of Jeremy Bentham, Esq. By Southwood Smith, M.D. London: Wilson.

We have read this lecture with much pleasure. It is a comprehensive review of the labours and the principles of Bentham, concluding with a brief biographical sketch of great interest. For an explanation of the former, and more important part, we must refer to the work itself: it is cheap, and therefore within the reach of all; but we shall extract some passages from the latter, which, as they will give the reader an insight into the domestic privacy of the philosopher, cannot fail to be interesting:—

"That he might be in the less danger of falling under the influence of any wrong bias, he kept himself as much as possible from all personal contact with what is called the world. . . . Nor was he less careful to keep his benevolent affections fervent, than his understanding free from wrong bias. He surrounded himself only with persons whose sympathies were like his own, and whose sympathies he might direct to their appropriate objects in the active pursuits of life. . . .

"While he availed himself of every means in his power of forming and cherishing a friendship with whoever in any country indicated remarkable benevolence; while Howard was his intimate friend—a friend delighted alike to find and to acknowledge in him a superior beneficent genius; while Romilly was not only the advocate of his opinions in the Senate, but the affectionate and beloved disciple in private; while for the youth Lafayette, his junior contemporary, he conceived an affection which in the old age of both was beautiful for the freshness and ardour with which it continued to glow; while there was no name in any country known and dear to Liberty and Humanity which was not known and dear to him, and no person bearing such name that ever visited England who was not found at his social board, he would hold intercourse with none of any rank or fame whose distinction was unconnected with the promotion of human improvement, and much less whose distinction arose from the zeal and success with

which they laboured to keep back improvement. That the current of his own benevolence might experience no interruption or disturbance, he uniformly avoided engaging in any personal controversy; he contended against principles and measures, not men; and for the like reason he abstained from reading the attacks made upon himself, so that the ridicule and scoffing, the invective and malignity, with which he was sometimes assailed, proved as harmless to him as to his cause. By the society he shunned, as well as by that which he sought, he endeavoured to render his social intercourse subservient to the cultivation, to the perpetual growth and activity, of his benevolent sympathies.

"With such care over his intellectual faculties and his moral affections, and with the exalted direction which he gave to both, his own happiness could not but be sure. Few human beings have enjoyed a greater portion of felicity; and such was the cheerfulness which this internal happiness gave to the expression of his countenance and the turn of his conversation, that few persons ever spent an evening in his society, however themselves favoured by fortune, who did not depart with the feeling of satisfaction at having beheld such an object of emulation. Even in his writings, in the midst of profound and comprehensive views, there oftentimes break forth a sportiveness and humour no less indicative of gaiety of heart, than the most elaborate and original of his investigations are of a master-mind: but this gaiety was characteristic of his conversation, in which he seldom alluded, except in a playful manner, to the great subjects of his labours. A child-like simplicity of manner, combined with a continual playfulness of wit, made you forget that you were in the presence of the most acute and penetrating genius; made you conscious only that you were in the presence of the most innocent and gentle, the most consciously and singularly happy of human beings. And from this the true source of politeness, a benevolent and happy mind, endeavouring to communicate the pleasure of which it is itself conscious, flowed those unobtrusive, but not the less real and observant, attentions of which every guest perceived the grace and felt the charm. For the pleasures of the social board he had a relish as sincere, and perhaps as acute, as those who are capable of enjoying no others; and he partook of them freely, as far as they are capable of affording their appropriate good, without any admixture of the evils which an excessive indulgence in them is sure to bring. After dinner, it was his custom to enter with his disciple or friend (for seldom more than one, and never more than two, dined with him on the same day,) on the discussion of the subject, whatever it might be, which had brought them together; and it was at this time also, that, in the form of dictation, in relation to those subjects which admit of this mode of composition, his disciple writing down his words as he uttered them, he treated of some of the subjects which have occupied his closest attention, and in the investigation of which he has displayed the greatest degree of originality and invention. In this manner was composed the greatest part of the Deontology, and nearly the whole of his Autobiography. At all times it was a fine exercise of the understanding, and sometimes an exquisite gratification of the noblest and best feelings of the heart, to be engaged in this service.

"He was capable of great severity and continuity of mental labour. For upwards of half a century he devoted seldom less than eight, often ten, and occasionally twelve hours of every day, to intense study. This was the more remarkable, as his physical constitution was by no means strong. His health, during the periods of childhood, youth, and adolescence, was infirm; it was not until the age of manhood that it ac-

quired some degree of vigour; but that vigour increased with advancing age, so that during the space of sixty years he never laboured under any serious malady, and rarely suffered even from slight indisposition; and at the age of eighty-four he looked no older, and constitutionally was not older, than most men are at sixty: thus adding another illustrious name to the splendid catalogue which establishes the fact, that severe and constant mental labour is not incompatible with health and longevity, but conducive to both, provided the mind be unanxious and the habits temperate.

"He was a great economist of time. He knew the value of minutes. The disposal of his hours, both of labour and of repose, was a matter of systematic arrangement; and the arrangement was determined on the principle, that it is a calamity to lose the smallest portion of time. He did not deem it sufficient to provide against the loss of a day or an hour: he took effectual means to prevent the occurrence of any such calamity to him; but he did more: he was careful to provide against the loss even of a single minute; and there is on record no example of a human being who lived more habitually under the practical consciousness that his days are numbered, and that the 'night cometh, in which no man can work.'

"The last days of the life even of an ordinary human being are seldom altogether destitute of interest; but when exalted wisdom and goodness have excited a high degree of admiration and love, the heart delights to treasure up every feeling then elicited, and every word in which that feeling was expressed. * * * On the possible protraction of life, with the failure of the intellectual powers, he could not think without great pain; but it was only during his last illness, that is, a few weeks before his death, that any apprehension of either of these evils occurred to him. From the former he suffered nothing; and from the latter, as little as can well be, unless when death is instantaneous. The serenity and cheerfulness of his mind, when he became satisfied that his work was done, and that he was about to lie down to his final rest, was truly affecting. On that work he looked back with a feeling which would have been a feeling of triumph, had not the consciousness of how much still remained to be done, changed it to that of sorrow that he was allowed to do no more; but this feeling again gave place to a calm but deep emotion of exultation, as he recollected that he left behind him able, zealous, and faithful minds, that would enter into his labours and complete them.

"The last subject on which he conversed with me, and the last office in which he employed me, related to the permanent improvement of the circumstances of a family, the junior member of which had contributed in some degree to his personal comfort; and I was deeply impressed and affected by the contrast thus brought to my view, between the selfishness and apathy so often the companions of age, and the generous care for the welfare of others, of which his heart was full. * * *

"Some time before his death, when he firmly believed he was near that last hour, he said to one of his disciples, who was watching over him: 'I now feel that I am dying: our care must be to minimise the pain. Do not let any of the servants come into the room, and keep away the youths: it will be distressing to them, and they can be of no service. Yet I must not be alone: you will remain with me, and you only; and then we shall have reduced the pain to the least possible amount.'

"Such were his last thoughts and feelings; so perfectly, so beautifully did he illustrate, in his own example, what it was the labour of his life to make others!"

A very clever lithograph is prefixed to the

work, representing the dead body of the philosopher as it appeared on the table of the lecturer.

Illustrations of Sculpture: a Series of Engravings, with descriptive Prose and illustrative Poetry, by T. K. Hervey, Esq. No. I. London: Relfe & Unwin.

This is a very beautiful work: it contains the group of the 'Happy Mother,' by Westmacott; the 'Dancing Girl reposing,' by Canova; and the 'Mercury and Pandora,' by Flaxman. Each engraving is accompanied by an account of the work, with some notice of the sculptor in prose; and when plain sober Truth has done her task, Fancy steps forward and treats us to a strain which is always harmonious, and often exquisitely graphic and beautiful. For a work of this nature we should make more allowance than even Mr. Hervey may claim; for sculpture is less easy to engrave with right effect than painting, in which the light and shade are defined; and we may safely say, that to describe it well is equally difficult: in the descriptions by Byron in 'Childe Harold' of the antique statues, he seems only desirous to show how many fine things he could say of them. In the prose, descriptive of the 'Happy Mother,' the author speaks highly of the work, and sees beauties in it which escaped us when we looked on the marble: we prefer, therefore, to return to his illustrative poetry.

The Happy Mother.

In those blue islands of the east,
Where song was but the breath of thought,
And truth, by fable's fingers drest,
In robes that earthly hands had wrought,—
Laid down her lightning of the skies,
And stood revealed to Grecian eyes;
And gave her spirit to the breeze,
And breathed upon the sighing rills,
And hung her harp on ancient trees,
And spoke from all their thousand hills;
Till sirens, whose deafened sons are slaves,
Grew, in the music half divine,
And—now for each of all her graves—
Greece, then, could count a shrine,—
Whose prophet voice and spirit call
Were uttered through each sacred grove,—
The oldest altar of them all
Was founded by—a dove!

And, then, amid Dolona's shade,
Where whispered prayer was never mute,
And one low fountain-hymn was played,
As on a spirit's lute:
And every augur-wind that spoke
Drew answers from some haunted oak,
As if the soul of ancient things
Were written on those stately sheaves,
And silv'ry, upon airy wings,
Had come to turn their leaves:—
There,—mid each sound that used to float
Through those old aisles, distinct and dim,
Or mingled with each other note,
In one wild mystic hymn,
Where the cool river stole along,
And answered with its own sweet song,—
One strain,—the sweetest of them all,—
In syllables as soft as love's,
Would mingle with the fountain-fall,
Heard clear above its louder call,
From high Dolona's doves:—
One spirit strain, whose prophet swell
Went blending with the whole,
Yet uttered oracles that fell
Like thought upon the soul!

The poetry illustrative of the 'Dancing Girl reposing,' is more to the point: we are covetous of sense as well as of sound:—

The Dancing Girl Reposing.

The spirit of the dance is past,
And—like a bird, whose fainting wing
Has travelled all too far and fast,
And from its wandering stoops at last,
To seek an earthly spring,—
With folded frame and weary heart,
The gentle girl reclines apart!

The spirit of the dance is past,—
Burnt out, like flame, before the blast
That withers by its keen caress,
And dies amid its own excess!
The bounding soul of mirth is o'er,
The impulse that so bright and high
Shot up—like rocket-lights that soar,
As if to reach the sky,
But turn amid their starry flight.
And fall—though, still, they fall in light!—
So—beautiful, but chastened, now,
Appears the baffled girl,
Though something of a spirit glow
Has faded from her languid brow,
Amid the mazy whirl!—
But things that are of mortal birth,
Are dearest with a look of earth.
And thus—oh! thus it still must be
With human hopes and wings,
That leave too far and sorrowing
Their own allotted springs;
That, like the Cretan Boy's, lure on
The trusting hearts that wear them,
And melt before the very sun
To which their feathers bear them!
Oh thus with earthly feelings all;—
The song that saddens while we sing,—
The censors in the festive hall,
That darken from the light they fling,
That waste the more, the more they warm,
And perish of their perfumed charm,—
Are types of life's each frail delight,
That cast their feathers in their flight,
Or on their own sweet substance prey,
And burn their precious selves away!

The 'Mercury and Pandora' is accompanied by such prose as shows the author's taste, and such poetry as shows that his muse has considerable strength of wing. It is true, that she sometimes soars out of our sight, and that we have nothing more occasionally than the sound of music, heard remote, to soothe us; nevertheless, we are pleased to be in her company: she deals in very beautiful words, and sings them most delightfully.

Mercury and Pandora.

A rush of wings, amid the silent stars!
A shadow on the path-way of the sun!
The planets are out-travelled, in their cars
Of everlasting thought:—and perfumes roll,
Like heralds, with their fragrant scrolls unfurled,
That to its bridal wake the Titan world!
The air is full of voices!—the huge pinces
Are singing to a breeze unfelt below;
A murmur in the ivy! and the vines
Wave to their own glad music to and fro!
The earth looks young, as at a second birth,
Baptized in fire the Titan drew from high,
And rings with music and the voice of mirth,
Waters that laugh, and woods that prophesy.—
Through the long valley, like a living thing,
Rushes the river, with its joyous song,
Through shores—like rainbows of the earth—that fling
Back its loud uttering, as it leaps along.
Amid the shade of forests, old and dim,
From flutes of fauns, breathes many a loving tale;
Or echo listens to some satyr's hymn,
And flings a low, wild answer down the vale!
The air is full of voices!—whoops and calls
Uttered by spirits from the far blue hills,—
Shouts 'mid the ringing sound of waterfalls,—
And naiads singing by their silver rills,—
And one wide answering psalm, far on high,
From birds that have gone half-way to the sky:
For nature celebrates, on every lyre,
The gift of beauty to the soul of fire!

We cannot spare room for any of the poet's prose, though he says something of Westmacott which we approve, and a good deal about Flaxman that we admire. The latter is without a rival in the true poetry of sculpture; and his best designs are not those which are called classic: the noblest of his sketches are from the Scriptures, and seem as inspired as the pages which they embody. We wish well, very well, to Mr. Hervey's undertaking. The work is one of high art, of great beauty and interest, and, considering the price at which it is published, a very extensive sale can alone remunerate the proprietors.

Lafayette et la Revolution de 1830. Par B. Sarrans, jeune. 2 vols.

[Third Notice.]

THE period of the trials of Polignac and his colleagues was one pregnant with great danger. The state of exasperation to which the acts of these culpable ministers of a besotted monarch had driven the French people, kept alive a fearful excitement through all ranks of society, and the rabble of Paris took advantage of this feeling to attempt an insurrection. At that moment the crown of Louis-Philippe depended solely upon the popularity and talents of Lafayette to restrain the effervescence of popular fury; and the following anecdote shows with what skill and daring courage he averted the threatened danger.

"The garrison at the Luxembourg consisted of both national guards and troops of the line, between whom Lafayette had taken great pains to promote a good understanding. Numerous battalions of Parisian militia defended the approaches to the palace; others guarded the Louvre, the Palais Royal, and the Chamber of Deputies, and strong detachments were stationed at every place where the populace could assemble in great numbers. The legions from the suburbs, forming a reserve, occupied the boulevards, and communicated with the main body at the Luxembourg, by posts little distant from each other. Lastly, numerous patrols scoured the streets in every direction, and dispersed the different mobs collecting and increasing as they proceeded towards the Chamber of Peers.

"In spite, however, of these precautions, immense crowds collected in all parts of the metropolis; violent tumults ensued; and the Luxembourg and its neighbourhood were soon invaded by an insurgent populace, who had no connexion with the defenders of the barricades. The danger was imminent. The ranks of the troops stationed at the advanced posts were already broken through, and the mob had commenced an attack upon the principal door of the palace. Shouts of rage and execration resounded through the hall in which the trial was going on; the sanctuary of justice was on the point of being sullied with the blood of the accused, and perhaps with that of their judges; the revolution was in its last struggles against dishonour, and a fresh storm of anarchy and horror seemed ready to burst upon the country.

"Lafayette, who, at the beginning of the trial, had established his head quarters at the Luxembourg, acted with his usual decision and energy on this trying occasion. Followed only by his aides-de-camp, of whom I was one, he threw himself into the midst of the insurgents. In vain had it been represented to him that this step was the more rash because the multitude, at whose discretion he was about to place himself, contained none of the men of July. But he hesitated not; though, in truth, the insurgent mob was composed of the refuse of the population of Paris, and the lowest and most impure members of its political factions. These assailants of the Luxembourg, this frenzied multitude, thirsting for the blood of the ex-ministers, had nothing of that stern, but noble, character which distinguished the heroes of the barricades. They were not composed of honest workmen, with muscular limbs, besmeared with dust and smoke, who were fighting for their country's freedom, but of the swarm of pickpockets, felons, vagabonds, and police spies, always open to the hire of those who give wages for crime. The ignoble features and ragged attire of these ruffians, formed a striking contrast with the aristocratic manners and elegant dress of the agents, amongst whom were several priests in disguise—friends of things gone by—who led them on

to action. Lafayette succeeded, however, in penetrating into the midst of the infuriated rabble, who, far from offering him the least insult, stopped short in their career of outrage at the voice of a man who had been held up to them as an object of their hatred—as one desirous of saving the enemies and oppressors of the injured people.

"This act of courage, bold even to rashness, saved the Luxembourg. It is true, that the moment the impression which Lafayette had made upon the rioters was effaced, they renewed the attack; but the national guard opposed to them such admirable and unshaken firmness and patience, that the Court of Peers was, from that moment, enabled to continue its proceedings in security. The furious cries of the populace no longer reached the hall of justice, and sentence was passed upon the ex-ministers without one drop of blood being spilled, or one single act of spoliation and robbery."

In the extract which follows, we see in the tribune of 1831, Charles Lameth, that veteran among revolutionists, who, in 1790, headed the Feuillans, a faction whose dereliction of all principle, and whose selfish baseness brought on the reaction which placed power in the hands of the Jacobins, and led to the destruction of the only men who could have averted the horrible excesses which disgraced the French revolution—Charles Lameth, who tottering on the brink of the grave, seems about to sink into it with a lie upon his lips. We turn with disgust and loathing from this hoary libeller, whose alliance with the doctrinaires in 1830 was alone wanting to make the end of his long political career worthy of its commencement. We should scarcely have introduced his name here, were it not connected with some very interesting particulars, not generally known to the English reader.

"M. Bambuteau called upon the minister for information respecting the disturbances in October and December, in order, as he said, to dissipate the uneasiness which agitated the provinces. The president of the council (Lafitte) who, a few days before, had declared to the chamber that plots were hatching in the dark, chose neither to confirm nor contradict this assertion; but, after having assumed for the government, of which he was a member, a very large portion of the merit due for the restoration of public tranquillity, and taken great credit for having conquered anarchy with the weapons of liberty, he contented himself with a vague attack upon the instigators who wished to take advantage of the aberrance of certain minds, and with announcing that written documents could be produced to prove that the partisans of that government which perished in July had taken a share in the troubles of December. 'We have,' continued M. Lafitte, 'the following words written by them: *We must have a republic, in order to drive away the Orleans family.*' This was the only information given by the premier, who added, doubtless by way of amendment to the growing alliance between Carlism and republicanism, that each had done his duty on that occasion—the citizens, the government, the national guard, and its illustrious chief.

"But a way was opened. The monstrous idea of a bond of alliance between Carlism and liberty was given forth, and was eagerly imbibed by the men of the restoration, as well as by those who had invested themselves with the spoils of the restoration, and wanted to benefit by its principles. Conventionalists, imperialists, Carlism, doctrinaires,—all the remnants, in short, of the last five or six régimes, with which the double vote and electoral fraud had tainted the

legislature, and which the revolution of July had imprudently left there, took up this accusation as a circumstance tending to bring back France to the horrors of 1793.

"As I have already stated, M. Lameth, with pain and difficulty ascending the tribune, denounced a conspiracy to overthrow the king and the two chambers of the legislature. The revolution, he said, was given up to a *Directory*, which endeavoured to pervert public opinion in order to arrive at the republic. Thence he proceeded to a violent tirade against that republic—its guillotines, its *maximum*, its *assignats*, and its wars. M. Lameth's anti-democratic rage did not, however, stop at the republic, but exerted itself against those republican institutions which some people had dared to mention at the Hôtel de Ville, but which were incompatible with a monarchy! A monarchy and a republic! what an opposition! And yet M. Audry de Puyraveau had audaciously confessed, on the 3rd of August, that he had conspired to obtain republican institutions. 'We must,' said M. Lameth, in conclusion, 'preserve our institutions in all their purity.' Thus the moral object of the debate was to preserve the restoration in all its purity—to graft Louis-Philippe upon Charles X., and the abjectness of the doctrinaires upon the violence of the men of Coblenz—to rebuild, in every point, the crumbled edifice of 1815, deprived only of the bold daring which in some sort embellished its counter-revolutionary attempts, and of the dynasty forced upon the nation, which, having received all from foreign states, had no longer any country to betray.

"M. Guizot had already proclaimed that the end of the revolution of 1830 was to change the dynasty, but to confine this change to the narrowest limits; to meddle as little as possible with existing institutions; to accept the past, use forbearance towards it, respect the facts connected with it, make a general compromise of interests, &c. This was what the people's victory was to be reduced to; this was the monster to which it was pretended the revolution of July had given birth.

"The lists being thus opened, the doctrinaires boldly entered them, and a hue and cry was raised against this poor revolution by all the reptiles which it had allowed to fasten upon its roots.

"M. Bignon, who has since retrieved his character by defending in the tribune the rights of the heroic Poles, but who, at that period, sought perhaps, to mark his place in the conversion then in progress, inveighed in his turn against the ghost of the republic, around which he also saw grouped the partisans of the child at Holyrood, and those of the Duke of Reichstadt. He likewise asked, if there did not exist a fourth party, composed of men of exaggerated feelings, who, without pretending to overthrow the present throne, wished to take advantage of popular insurrections to give to the government a direction conformable to their own views.

"This accusation was renewed the next day by M. Guizot, who again spoke of certain men full of the sentiment of human dignity, but habitually governed by a few general ideas, by certain theories which, for his own part, he believed not applicable or exaggerated, but radically false,—as false to the reason of the philosopher as to the experience of the man of practice. Now, these men with false ideas and warped understandings, were the 'good seed' among the partisans of the revolution; all the others were the 'tares,' the very offal of French society.

"But M. Guizot's speech was the mere insolence of a declaimer, himself the incarnate type of a faction known to France only by the obscurity of its political creed, its baseness, cowardice, and corruption. This insolence, however, opened the breach which has since divided the patriots from that bastard oligarchy

of stock-jobbers, that *camarilla* of a day, formed under the denomination of the *juste-milieu*, conveying, even in its very name, an idea of absurdity and ridicule.

"Lafayette left to public opinion the care of doing him justice, and disregarded imputations which, in truth, could not attach to him. But Dupont de l'Eure, Odillon Barrot, and Audry de Puyraveau, whom the doctrinaires had included in their denunciations, condescended to take up the gauntlet, though thrown down by such hands."

We conclude with another anecdote illustrative of the consistency of Lafayette's political opinions. It relates to the qualifications for the electoral franchise.

"Lafayette and his friends had made numerous attempts to have the magistracy renewed,—that which existed under Charles X. being almost wholly composed of notorious counter-revolutionists. But this magistracy was defended and preserved by the court influence, in conjunction with that of the party of the Restoration who had, prior to the revolution, obtained the appointment of the majority of the judges, and taken care to exclude from the courts of justice all such as were not well-known royalists. But when it was proposed to deprive these judges of the elective franchise, Lafayette offered the most strenuous opposition to such a measure,—which, I must however add, the opposition had proposed in a moment of irritation against the majority of the chamber, and which naturally led to other exclusions, and moreover vitiated the law of elections in one of its most essential principles. Lafayette's opinion was, that the perfection of political civilization in this particular, consisted in each citizen who paid taxes being called upon to elect his representatives, without being influenced in his choice. 'That which is still considered Utopian in Europe,' said he, 'has been practised in the United States for the last fifty years. There, every contributor to the wants of the state is an elector, and among such contributors is classed the militia man—the national guardman who, in the year, has paid the personal tribute of one day's service. In that country, there is no question of electoral cense, and everything passes without trouble or inconvenience. Such is the power of popular education, civic habits, and national institutions.'"

We now conclude our translations from this work, having given to the English readers all that is most interesting, and thus saved them from the necessity of expending their money on the English edition, which, even now, is only announced as forthcoming.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

[We rather think the following must have been intended for the Morning Post, or some other of the Journals of Fashion. It was, however, dropped into our Editor's Box, and we print it in the hope that the reporter will favour us again with like interesting information.]

THE FEAST OF FASHIONABLE AUTHORS.

ALL "the Row" is in a bustle,
Faded silks begin to rustle;
Demireps scour half the town
To borrow drops to scour their gown:
Joy lights up each author's eye,
Poet's heart is beating high,
Coats are brush'd as smooth as lawn,
Shirts are taken out of pawn,
Stockings mended, polished shoes
Deck each follower of the muse:
By soap's unaccustomed aid
Hands are almost yellow made;

No speck deforms each visage fair,
Save a pimple here and there:
Miracles have not yet ceased—
B—tl—y furnishes a feast!

What strange mixture have we here?
Rogue and dandy, sonneteer,
Poet, critic, politician,
Romancer, lawyer, and logician:
Such a buz and such a hum—
From every spot of earth they come.
Soldiers who a sword ne'er saw;
Lawyers who ne'er heard of law;
Sailors who their readers treat
To the language of the *Fleet*;
Editors, and scribbling hacks;
Milliners who paint Almack's;
Courtiers—from St. Giles's court;
Persians—who from Kew resort;
Spanish patriots—from Cockaigne;
Travellers—from Drury Lane:
Mixt, in grouping strange and queer,
With titled dame and prosy peer.

First the dishes, Muse, describe,
Which regaled the hungry tribe:
Soup, about a fortnight old,
Wishy-washy, weak and cold,
Was heated up, and, in the hurry,
Set by chance before Miss B—y.
F—, in accent broad and Scotch,
Ask'd a plateful of hotch-potch—
'Twas so mix'd—his natal dish—
That whether soup, or fowl, or fish,
Scotch or English, or what not,
Puzzled that sagacious Scot.
Fish we pass, and scorn to trace
How C— panted after plaice;
How Jerd—n after gudgeon ran;
While M—r—r was a muscle-man:
What most pleased each hero's taste
The Muse recounts not, in her haste:
She only hints she never met
A set of flats so d—d sharp-set.
Head of sheep was given each one—
The eyes at L.E.L. were thrown.
She in hungry haste devours
Beef, but talks a deal of flowers.
B—tl—y sees, in huge dismay,
His feast like magic melt away,
And mutters with despairing heat,
"Oh! could they write as well as eat,
Or say 'good things' as fast as swallow,
In riches I should quickly wallow!"
Sweets and trifles next display
"The brightness of their long array";
Each at the sight with vigour stuffs—
Each has half a hundred puffs,
(J—rd—n's weekly oven sends
A thousand forth to all his friends,)
Rancid, crude, and, without question,
Past all moderate digestion.
Soon—for every joy is fleeting—
They tire of such ethereal eating;
And sorrow on each heart sits brooding
Over the want of solid pudding!

At last the tedious feast is o'er,
And D—lby's self can taste no more:
And as the cheering glass goes round,
Amusements for the guests are found:
B—lw—r, the kindest he of men,
Paints to the life a "boozing ken";
And to delight the merry-makers,
Who themselves are all "cly-fakers,"
Ties his legs and frights poussetters,
By wriggling through a dance in fetters,
They said,—but here the critics differed,—
Almost as neatly as Paul Clifford;
He seems, while winning vast applause,
So perfectly the rogue he draws,
That B—tl—y trembles lest his hand,
Like Eugene Aram's—slit his waistband—
Or, spite of Peachum and of Lockit,
Like Paul's, should dip into his pocket.

Gl—g, too, great admiration bred,
Half in sables, half in red;
Quite at home he seems in both,
With here a prayer and there an oath:
Happy he, who thus possesses
Such a change of tongues and dresses!
A gallant brave in peaceful throng,
Will roar of battles loud and long,—
And presto, by a change of dress,
A priest, where'er he's in a mess.

Half the guests were 'neath the table,
Talking was a perfect Babel;
'Till, at last, when every bottle
Yielded up its great "sum tottle,"
Rhyming rogue and whining gipsy
Staggered to their homes quite tipsy:
And the host, who very cross is,
Counts the spoons and mourns his losses.
First, a fork without a prong—
Suspicion against H— is strong;
A salt-cellar, without the salt—
He'll have a warrant upon G—;
Of artificial flow'rs a score,
Appropriated by Mrs. G—:
A plate of nutshells—to his sorrow,
He blames Tr—ba T—l—st—ro,
Who took them in his great discerning
As trunks to hold his wit and learning,
And one he lent (these Dons are clannish),
To G— to contain his Spanish.
The other things, in order due,
The wily host secures from view,
And mutters with no kindly feeling—
"They saw they were not worth the stealing."

CONTINUATION OF THE SHELLEY PAPERS.

THE AGE OF PERICLES:

*With Critical Notices of the Sculpture in the
Florence Gallery.*

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE period which intervened between the birth of Pericles and the death of Aristotle, is undoubtedly, whether considered in itself, or with reference to the effects which it produced upon the subsequent destinies of civilized man, the most memorable in the history of the world. What was the combination of moral and political circumstances which produced so unparalleled a progress during that period in literature and the arts?—why that progress, so rapid and so sustained, so soon received a check, and became retrograde, are problems left to the wonder and conjecture of posterity. The wrecks and fragments of those subtle and profound minds, like the ruins of a fine statue, obscurely suggest to us the grandeur and perfection of the whole. Their very language, —a type of the understanding, of which it was the creation and the image,—in variety, in simplicity, in flexibility, and in copiousness, excels every other language of the western world. Their sculptures are such as, in our perception, assume to be the models of ideal truth and beauty, and to which no artist of modern times can produce forms in any degree comparable. Their paintings, according to Pausanias, were full of delicacy and harmony; and some were powerfully pathetic, so as to awaken, like tender music or tragic poetry, the most overwhelming emotions. We are accustomed to consider the painters of the sixteenth century, as those who have brought this art to the highest perfection, probably because none of the ancient pictures have been preserved.

All the inventive arts maintain, as it were, a sympathetic connexion between each other, being no more than various expressions of

one internal power, modified by different circumstances, either of an individual, or of society.

The paintings of that period would probably bear the same relation as is confessedly borne by the sculptures to all successive ones. Of their music we know little; but the effects which it is said to have produced, whether they be attributed to the skill of the composer, or the sensibility of his audience, are far more powerful than any which we experience from the music of our times; and if, indeed, the melody of their compositions were more tender, and delicate, and inspiring, than the melodies of some modern European nations, their progress in this art must have been something wonderful, and wholly beyond conception. Their poetry seems to maintain a high, though not so disproportionate a rank, in comparison. Perhaps Shakspeare, from the variety and comprehension of his genius, is to be considered as the greatest individual mind, of which we have specimens remaining;—perhaps Dante created imaginations of greater loveliness and beauty than any that are to be found in the ancient literature of Greece;—perhaps nothing has been discovered in the fragments of the Greek lyric poets equivalent to the sublime and chivalrous sensibility of Petrarch:—but, as a poet, Homer must be acknowledged to excel Shakspeare in the truth and harmony, the sustained grandeur, and satisfying completeness of his images, their exact fitness to the illustration, and to that which they belong. Nor could Dante, deficient in conduct, plan, nature, variety, and temperance, have been brought into comparison, but for the fortunate isles, laden with golden fruit, which alone could tempt any one to embark in the misty ocean of his dark and extravagant fiction.

On the Niobe.

Of all that remains to us of Greek antiquity, this figure is perhaps the most consummate personification of loveliness, with regard to its countenance, as that of the Venus of the Tribune is with regard to its entire form of woman. It is colossal: the size adds to its value; because it allows to the spectator the choice of a greater number of points of view, and affords him a more analytical one, in which to catch a greater number of the infinite modes of expression, of which any form approaching ideal beauty is necessarily composed. It is the figure of a mother in the act of sheltering, from some divine and inevitable peril, the last, we may imagine, of her surviving children.

The little creature, terrified, as we may conceive, at the strange destruction of all its kindred, has fled to its mother, and is hiding its head in the folds of her robe, and casting back one arm, as in a passionate appeal for defence, where it never before could have been sought in vain. She is clothed in a thin tunic of delicate woof; and her hair is fastened on her head into a knot, probably by that mother whose care will never fasten it again. Niobe is enveloped in profuse drapery, a portion of which the left hand has gathered up, and is in the act of extending it over the child, in the instinct of shielding her from what reason knows to be inevitable. The right, as the restorer has properly imagined, is drawing up her daughter to her; and with that instinctive gesture, and by its gentle

pressure, is encouraging the child to believe that it can give security. The countenance of Niobe is the consummation of feminine majesty and loveliness, beyond which the imagination scarcely doubts that it can conceive anything. That masterpiece of the poetic harmony of marble expresses other feelings. There is embodied a sense of the inevitable and rapid destiny which is consummating around her, as if it were already over. It seems as if despair and beauty had combined and produced nothing but the sublimity of grief. As the motions of the form expressed the instinctive sense of the possibility of protecting the child, and the accustomed and affectionate assurance that she would find an asylum within her arms, so reason and imagination speak in the countenance the certainty that no mortal defence is of avail. There is no terror in the countenance, only grief—deep, remediless grief. There is no anger—of what avail is indignation against what is known to be omnipotent? There is no selfish shrinking from personal pain—there is no panic at supernatural agency—there is no adverting to herself as herself: the calamity is mightier than to leave scope for such emotions.

Everything is swallowed up in sorrow: she is all tears: her countenance, in assured expectation of the arrow piercing its last victim in her embrace, is fixed on her omnipotent enemy. The pathetic beauty of the expression of her tender, and inexhaustible, and unquenchable despair, is beyond the effect of sculpture. As soon as the arrow shall pierce her last tie upon earth, the fable that she was turned into stone, or dissolved into a fountain of tears, will be but a feeble emblem of the sadness of hopelessness, in which the few and evil years of her remaining life we feel must flow away.

It is difficult to speak of the beauty of the countenance, or to make intelligible in words, from what such astonishing loveliness results.

The head, resting somewhat backward upon the full and flowing contour of the neck, is as in the act of watching an event momentarily to arrive. The hair is delicately divided on the forehead, and a gentle beauty gleams from the broad and clear forehead, over which its strings are drawn. The face is of an oval fulness, and the features conceived with the daring of a sense of power. In this respect it resembles the careless majesty which nature stamps upon the rare masterpieces of her creation, harmonizing them as it were from the harmony of the spirit within. Yet all this not only consists with, but is the cause of the subtle delicacy of clear and tender beauty—the expression at once of innocence and sublimity of soul—of purity and strength—of all that which touches the most removed and divine of the chords that made music in our thoughts—of that which shakes with astonishment even the most superficial.

[To be continued in the next Number.]

EPIGRAM FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

On Woman.

Jove at man's insane desire
Gave him woman, gave him fire;
Burn'd by both, man sought relief,
Quench'd the fire, and quell'd that grief;
But he could not woman tame,
She is an eternal flame.

TO THOMAS STOTHARD, ESQ.

On seeing the beautiful Engraving from his design of the 'Procession of the Fitch of Bacon.'

BY MARY HOWITT.

DREAMER of pleasant dreams, that rise
In quiet beauty to our eyes;
That come like glimpses, rare and bright,
Of some delicious old delight,
When men were not a toiling race,
And every female form had grace;
When, in some Grecian dell profound,
Blue skies above, green trees around,
The ancient sculptor stood and wrought
In Parian stone his deathless thought!

Poetic painter, who dost fling
Beauty o'er each created thing;
Dost make the trees hang leafier still;
Cast'st brighter sunlight on the hill;
And bidd'st the noonday fountain fall
Still cooler and more musical;
And to each noble sylvan place
Giv'st yet a statelier antique grace:
Yet art thou nobler, mightier still,
When human life demands thy skill:
See here, O master of thine art!
The poet's and the painter's part;
For 'tis not in the mere delight
Of this so quaint and rustic rite,—
This train of dames and gallants bold;
This happy group of young and old;
The waving caps, the flow rets brown;
All heralded by trumpets blown;
That thou wilt get thy chiefest praise:—
But for the light from other days,
Which thou hast given us thus to see
A scene of ancient pageantry:—
A simpler, healthier race than ours,
When joys were like the wayside flowers,
Ready for all who chose to pull;
And every human heart was full
Of kindness; and hearths were piled;
And mirth laughed loudly as a child;
And dames sat spinning to a song;
And children played the whole day long;
And weavers dwelt in every town;
And men cut wood in forests brown;
And parish-rates did not augment
The burden of the yearly rent:—
Such is the race that here we see
Traced by thy hand's fidelity.
And joy it is, now each man's face
Of care and toil bears woful trace,
And mirth belies a heavy heart,
And rich and poor dwell far apart,—
Great joy it is, O painter good!
To turn us from the toiling brood,
And trace this graceful work of thine—
These people gamesome and benign—
These English hearts—this English rite—
Those sober looks—that broad delight,—
And almost be the while we gaze,
O painter, that surpasses praise!
What they were in those good old days!

SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

Our booksellers are not a little alarmed about the spread of the Penny Cholera: Cobbett laughs at them, and says, the day is at hand, when Lord Brougham and himself will be the only booksellers in England; he declares that he can bring proof, that the Chancellor's books have been circulated through the Post Office by government franks. We know not, and for ourselves we care not, how this may be; we are grown strong and vigorous; our work circulates in spite of every obstacle, far and wide; and our sale surpasses, if it does not double, that of any literary paper. This success results from honesty and plain dealing: from the begin-

ning we have spoken out. We have always written freely and plainly; we have welcomed merit of all kinds, and set our hearts resolutely against all trick and stratagem. As all this cannot but be known to our friends, why do we state it now? Because there are, it seems, some incredibly weak persons in the world—booksellers as well as others—who are much in the dark regarding the sale and influence of the *Athenæum*. They know not—and yet they ought to know—that no foe can intimidate, nor friend cajole us; that our journal is perfectly independent in every respect, and that our work circulates throughout Europe, as well as the Colonies, where it may be found in every hand familiar with literature or art. To the proceedings of the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge, we are, therefore, personally indifferent—but we most readily admit, that the question is one of immense importance—it involves great interests, but greater principles.

When we first drew attention to this subject in May last, it was in the fulness of painful fears and awakened suspicions—and nothing has since occurred at all tending to allay the one or quiet the other. Anxious, however, not to misrepresent the proceedings of the Society, we have been waiting for the publication of their Annual Report, until our patience is exhausted—three weeks since, we were informed, that it was printed, and would be distributed in a few days; three days since, the answer was, that it was not yet printed. Under these circumstances, we must proceed with our inquiry, on the best evidence that can be obtained.

Since our first notice, several London and Provincial journals have spoken out on this subject. It seems generally agreed—indeed, it must be evident to all informed persons—that it is impossible for individuals carrying on business with their own capitals, at their own cost and risk, through the agency of travellers and local booksellers, to contend successfully against a Society upheld by subscription, with Committees and Local Committees, consisting of the learned, the titled, and the influential. The *Literary Gazette*, in a very temperate and judicious article, has shown the direct operation of even the early proceedings of the Society, and we shall extract from that paper, one illustrative example:

“Mr. Arrowsmith and Mr. Cary have expended vast sums and unremitting pains upon geographical improvements, and, through their exertions, the latest discoveries, and the most accurate observations, have made English maps, charts, and topographical works generally, articles of sale and consumption in every civilized country. The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge have not contributed a single iota to this; but they step in, avail themselves of all that has been done by spirited individual exertion, and they issue from the press their low-priced maps, &c., at once robbing and maltreating those to whom they are indebted for their value. We have been told that Mr. Cary alone has a stock of 50,000*l.* in copperplates and copyrights, consigned to waste in consequence of this invasion.”

This one fact is alarming enough; and when it is seen by the announcements and proceedings of the Society, that it is pushing on vigorously towards establishing a universal business as bookmakers, booksellers, printers, &c., it ought to induce the Lord Chancellor, and still more, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to pause and consider whether

it is wise, politic, or beneficial, that such a monstrous monopoly should be established, to the certain ruin of so many long-established traders. We shall, however, leave this question, and with little regret, because able heads are prepared to discuss it with a trade experience, to which we can make no pretensions, and proceed to point out other consequences of greater importance, in our opinion, than even the ruin of publisher—we mean the ruin of literature itself.

The success of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge has already given rise to a rival Association. The Society for Diffusing Christian Knowledge is, it appears, of opinion that the books of the former are tainted with the peculiar notions of certain influential individuals, both political, religious and moral, and therefore they have set apart a portion of their income to circulate works in which other and opposite doctrines are to be taught—the necessary consequence of this will be, that we shall shortly have every variety of Sectarian Associations—we happen, indeed, to know, that one is already contemplated. Now, what must be the effect of this upon literature? Why, that every book, pamphlet, and loose sheet will be stained with party spirit, party views, and party prejudices. It is avowed by the Diffusion Society, that everything, down even to the *Penny Magazine*, is subjected to revision and correction. This sounds well; but what does it really mean, but that, so far as the books published by the Society are concerned, a censorship is established?—that in their works opinions are made to conform to opinions? What chance, under such circumstances, would any books have of being published, in which a new view was taken of society, or which was opposed in any way to the received opinions, political, moral, or philosophical, of my Lord Brougham—of my Lord Brougham? No; of the poor drudge who represents him, who labours through his stated hours for his stated wages—of a resolved staid dunce; for what other could be got to toil everlastingly through piles of hieroglyphical manuscript, moulding, fitting, dove-tailing truth and error into one consistent dull uniformity?

This is a question of immense importance, that has not yet been touched on—and the objection will hold, even though the Society should be conducted on the purest principles of sincerity and disinterestedness;—but it becomes our painful duty, and most painful it is, to state again our suspicions that the Society is not so conducted.

The *Literary Gazette* was, in our opinion, a trifle too cautious and considerate in dealing with this question—the writer seemed positively humbled in his deference to the marshalled names in the title-pages of the Society's publications. Now, we hold all such flourish of civilities to be merely supererogatory. No one of common sense can suppose that by anything said on this occasion it is intended to call in question the single-hearted sincerity of the noblemen and gentlemen giving the sanction of their names to the proceedings of the Society. The Society had its origin in the best feelings of the best men; and—we mention it only in proof of our early prejudice in its favour—it had our humble support. But the best institutions may be abused to the worst purposes; and we repeat, what we stated in May last, that so far as

anything can be deduced from the Annual Accounts published by the Society, “the whole expenses are defrayed by subscription, and the Society is maintained for the sole benefit of certain interested parties, who pocket the entire profits of the publications.” All England, and all the civilized world, have heard of the thousands and the tens of thousands sold of the Society's publications—yet not one shilling of profit appears in any published statement up to this hour. In 1827 the balance-sheet rendered to the Subscribers stood thus:—

For Secretary, Collector, Messengers, Advertisements, Postage, &c., specific charges amounting to three or four hundred pounds;—but the only item with which we are interested, is briefly—

| | |
|--|--------|
| Paid Authors for copyrights and literary assistance | £. s. |
| Received of Publishers for copyright of 18 treatises, as per agreement | 361 10 |
| Being something less than principal and interest. | 378 0 |

In 1828, like charges, of course; and again, as briefly as before—

| | |
|---|-------|
| Paid Authors for copyright and literary assistance | £. s. |
| Received of Publishers for copyright of treatises under first agreement | 766 5 |
| By ditto for four treatises under new agreement | 80 |
| Being a loss of 529 <i>l.</i> | 240 0 |

From an address, issued by the Society in May 1829, we extract the following:—

“The Committee having thus described the outline of their proceedings, are under the necessity of adverting to the state of their FUNDS, and of appealing for continued and increased support on the part of the public; as the sale of their publications, though large, does not enable the different publishers to yield them an income adequate to the objects which the Committee are anxious to accomplish.

“Among the causes of this result are first to be enumerated the number and greatness of these objects, and the extreme cheapness of the publications. It is also necessary to observe, that, at the formation of the Society, its success was so much matter of doubt and speculation, that the arrangement for the first year and a half with the publishers, involved a loss of about 300*l.* By a new contract, the profits are more fairly apportioned, but still are unequal to the expenses which it is necessary for the Society to incur.”

In the accounts for 1829, circulated in 1830, the charges for salaries, &c. amount to 830*l.*; but still the only information relating to the *Publishing Accounts* of the Society stands thus:—

| | | |
|---|--------|-----------|
| Authors, for copyrights and literary assistance | £. s. | £. s. d. |
| Engravers, for cancelled cuts, and those in reserve, to be repaid by the Publishers | 1030 5 | 1302 8 0 |
| Received from Publishers for use of copyrights | 272 3 | 1159 18 4 |

Up, therefore, to the close of 1829, the last report we have to refer to, it is clear that the Society were playing a losing game. Accordingly, that year they borrowed 750*l.* If we ever possessed the accounts for 1830, they have been mislaid, and these are the latest we could procure from the office of the Society when we made application. Were

we not then justified in saying that the whole expenses were defrayed by subscription, and the Society maintained for the benefit of certain interested parties? No! is the answer of the Society.

We were not aware, until lately, that the Society replied to our former questions—not by a circular sent as usual to the Subscribers, but by an address printed on the cover of one of their sixpenny publications. From this address, dated 30th of June, we extract the following—

"It now remains only to advert to the finances of the Committee; and it may be well to repeat what was stated in a previous Address, as to the means of support which the Society has, and the nature of its engagements with its Publishers.

"The whole sum derived by the Committee from Life and Annual Subscriptions from the 1st of November, 1826, to the 1st of January last, (five years,) has been 1,328*l.*; the average amount of yearly Subscriptions has been 125*l.*, after deducting the expenses of Collection, and the price of the Treatises delivered to Subscribers."

We confess that on reading this, our faith in the integrity of those in the management of the Society was most lamentably shaken. We entreat our readers to separate the honourable men, whose names are thrust so prominently forward by the agents of the Society, from the agents themselves; and then let us ask them, if any statement so jesuitical was ever before put forward by men desiring to be considered as disinterested. *The whole* sum here set forth as received by the Society from Life and Annual Subscription, is, the reader will have the goodness to observe, the *net* sum, "after deducting the expenses of collection, and the *PRICE* of the treatises delivered to subscribers"—that is to say, after deducting TWELVE SHILLINGS, the selling price, from every subscription of twenty, for what cost the Society scarcely TWELVE-PENCE; and thus getting rid at one fell swoop of *more than half the total receipts*; the appropriation of which, notwithstanding this explanation, remains totally unexplained.

But the Committee, in their considerate kindness, proceed further, and we are informed of the nature of the agreement with the publishers—here it is:

"The Publisher usually pays the Society a sum for Copyright in the first instance, sufficient to cover the Disbursements to Authors by the Committee; and after a certain limit of *sale* has been attained, the Society further receives from the Publisher, a rent calculated at a fixed rate per 1000 copies. In other cases, the Publisher himself incurs all the expense attendant upon the Authorship and Embellishments of the Work, and pays the Society a clear rent, determined by the *sale beyond a given point*."

Well then, it is clear from the accounts themselves, that in *no one instance* has any work ever sold beyond the "certain limit of sale," or the "given point."—Not so, answers the Society.

"A large amount of the Profits accruing to the Society from works already published, is invested in future undertakings. These sums are not shown in the *Treasurer's Annual Report* (!!!) because they are not brought into account, in many cases, till the publication of each particular work for which such advances to Authors and Artists are made;—but they nevertheless constitute a large amount of capital employed in the most efficient manner—namely, in making

such extensive preparations as will ensure to the Society the best power of realizing their objects."

This is surely the most extraordinary statement ever put forth by sane men. What! year after year furnish accounts to the Subscribers, and then unblushingly avow that nothing can be learned from them!—year after year there *appears* to be a loss incurred, and when the possibility of this is questioned, turn round and tell the subscribers, it is true there *appears* to be a loss—it is true we declared that a loss was incurred in the first year and a half, of 300*l.* by our publications; that in the third year we were obliged to borrow 750*l.* to help us on; but all this you have misunderstood, for there were large profits, ONLY THEY DO NOT APPEAR IN THE ACCOUNTS! To be literally correct, "they do not appear in *many cases*." Well, we have published the accounts themselves, and, to say nothing of the "many cases" in which it is acknowledged that these profits do not appear, we ask to have *one single instance pointed out in which they do appear*.

We fear we may give offence to many well-meaning men by the freedom of our commentary. It has, however, been wrung from us. We are anxious well-wishers to the general diffusion of education and of knowledge, without which, in our opinion, there can be no sound basis for public morals, and no hope of the permanent well-being and happiness of society. We lent our aid to effect it, so far as was within our limited means, long before we had any connexion with this paper, and when no hope of personal benefit could possibly influence us: we have since received from the Society its countenance and support, so far as its advertisements are indicative of the one, or could aid in the other; and its publishers are only known to us for kindness and courtesies, it was not therefore without deep regret that we felt bound as honest journalists, not only to question the wisdom, but the good faith, of the proceedings of the Society. We have now done, at least for the present.

THE PLEORAMA.

Just Opened at Berlin.

[The following letter was received after our paper was arranged, but the account of this novel exhibition is so strange and interesting, that we have put ourselves to some inconvenience to make room for it.]

Berlin, September 4.

Among our lions there is a new one—the Pleorama, exhibited by Mr. C. Gropius, one of our best decorative painters. This exhibition is quite novel in its kind, as it procures the spectator the pleasure of an *aquatic* excursion from Procida to Torre del Greco, passing by Naples, Puzzuoli, Castel-a-Mare, &c. The whole trip, which, upon the spot, requires about four or five hours, is performed in less than an hour, and that in a spacious barge in which thirty people are accommodated. The illusion is quite complete, and the rolling of the barge has, in several cases, caused some feeling of sea-sickness. The departure takes place in full daylight: soon after having reached Naples, the sun sets, and you arrive at Torre del Greco, while the rays of the moon are clothing the environs of this place in their silver hue. The machinery is, of course, very complicated, and requires more than a dozen of people to set it in operation. That the banks of the Thames, the Loire, the Arno, and other rivers, may afford a similar show, and perhaps a more amusing one, I need not tell you. The whole has been invented by an archi-

tect, Mr. Langhans, of Breslaw, and improved by Mr. Gropius. It is very much admired, and always crowded.

The public exhibition of pictures will, this year, prove very entertaining, and full of novelties. A great many young painters, pupils of the Dusseldorf School, which flourishes more than ever, under Mr. Schadow's direction, have sent in their pictures, so that we may expect a rich harvest of fine works of art. The pupils of the professors of the Berlin Academy will not remain behind; and I have seen more than one production of their pencils, which will prove worthy of the ancient fame of this illustrious institution. Professor Rauch is busily employed in finishing the beautiful sepulchral monument of Mrs. Cooper, an Irish lady; and the Cathedral of Dublin, where, as I understand, it is to be placed, will have to boast of one of the finest sculptures of the German Phidias. The casting of his statue of the late King of Bavaria, which took place under the superintendence of a Bavarian sculptor, to whom it had been confided by Mr. Rauch (who made the model) has entirely failed. More than 80 cwt. of metal forced its way through the mould, which was not dry enough, and spread terror and dismay amongst the numerous spectators, who had been invited to witness the operation. This accident happened at Munich in Mr. Rauch's absence.—There are few new publications of any merit come out within this season. Baron A. de Humboldt is busily engaged in preparing for the press the Introduction to his *Travels in America*, comprising a view of the different voyages of discovery, which have led to the knowledge of America. The work will be full of curious research, and will attract the attention of all the lovers of geography. Professor Ehrenberg is continually publishing his illustrations of Egyptian Zoology, and Dr. Mayer, who is just returned from China, will, in the course of next year, come forward with a description of his journey and the countries he visited. Professor Becker's edition of Aristotle's works, with a Latin translation, printed at the expense of the Royal Academy, is nearly completed; three huge quarto volumes have already appeared.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THERE are but few reports of novelty in circulation. Art and literature are taking their Summer rest.

It is said, that William IV. has resolved to fulfil the intentions of his late brother, and form a gallery of busts of all the kings and distinguished men who adorned their reigns. Some of these must be supplied by conjecture; it is, however, quite practicable to get together the materials to form such a collection, but some sensible and clever spirit should be chosen to preside over the whole, and see them executed in a way worthy of the nation.

A statue of Canning, from the hands of Chantrey, is now on its way to Liverpool—the same which was in the late Exhibition in Somerset House. The figure is at once commanding and courteous, manly and graceful: the arms are folded across the bosom, and the head has that dignity of air which characterized the original. We hope it will have a good light in the Town Hall, for it could not well have found a worse light than it had in the Academy Exhibition.

We have had a sight of some of the engravings for the forthcoming *Annals*: one of the most successful is by Fox, from Mulready's little picture of 'The Juvenile Navi-

gators: it has all the light and shade united with the sentiment of the painting: it is, if we remember right, for the Amulet.

FINE ARTS

STATUE OF JAMES WATT.

THE public statue of James Watt, erected in Westminster Abbey, has just been opened by the committee. The chairman, C. H. Turner, esq., and other gentlemen of science, complimented the sculptor, Mr. Chantrey, on the perfect truth and beauty of his work. The statue is placed in Paul's chapel; around it are monuments of distinguished men, such as Lord Cottington, the friend of Clarendon, and Lord Bouchier, who bore the English standard at Agincourt. The statue is on a pedestal of a design in harmony with the architecture of the place; the likeness, taken during Watt's lifetime, is considered perfect; and the look is intellectual and serene. In the left hand, is a paper on which is traced the parallel motion of the steam-engine; there is a visible connexion between the thought impressed on the brow, and the drawing; and we may, without any exercise of fancy, imagine that the subject in contemplation is the new-invented power. The drapery is simple and flowing, and on the whole the work may well take a place among the best portrait statues of ancient or modern times.

The funds for the execution of this noble work were supplied by the personal friends and the admirers of the genius of Watt, aided by the munificent donation of 500*l.* from His late Majesty George the Fourth. In the list of contributors may be found the chief names of the land distinguished for rank or science.

Much has been written, and not a little said, about the inventive genius of Watt: we have seen what Jeffrey has penned, and we listened to what Davy said, but we prefer the observations of the late Lord Liverpool, as most illustrative and characteristic. "It would be presumptuous," said his lordship, "in the presence of so many men of genius, to say much of the invention of the steam-engine. It has been compared to the trunk of the elephant; and the comparison is so far just, that there is nothing so small and nothing so great that it will not reach and apply to. It has improved the texture of the most refined manufactures, whilst, at the same time, the chief difficulties of navigation have vanished before it: we have now no delay in our communications with any quarter of the world: the power of the steam-engine overcomes all difficulties. I have known, in time of war, when the fate of a campaign, and possibly more, depended on getting our fleet out of port, contrary winds have prevailed for months, and frustrated the aims of government; such difficulties can now no longer exist: the genius of Watt has enabled us to triumph over them all." To this we may add, that his invention, besides multiplying the resources of his country, has increased the power of man, and extended his rule over the material world.

Illustrations of Sculpture, &c. Relfe & Unwin.

THE three engravings before us, belong to the 'Illustrations of Sculpture,' with descriptive prose and illustrative poetry by Mr. Hervey, and we have already said, in our review of the letter-press, that we consider them beautiful. 'The Happy Mother,' is exquisitely drawn and engraved. The 'Dancing Girl reposing,' is very graceful; in proportion, harmony itself; it is, however, copied from the engraving which was done under the eye of Canova, and not from the marble which came from his hand. We cannot speak so highly of the 'Mercury and Pandora,' some of the ethereal buoyancy of the

original has escaped between the hand which drew and the hand which engraved it. We are quite certain—and we speak from experience—that sculpture should be represented by the engraver, as viewed by torch light. This would bestow something like the light and shade of painting: Canova was in the practice of exhibiting his marbles in that manner; and though he did not make an experiment of the effect in engraving, any one who looks at his prints may see that he tampered with the appearance of the marble, and aimed at the light and shade of painting.

THEATRICALS

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

ON Tuesday last a new comedy (as the bills called it,) was thrust into the Public's face at this house. It was announced as "original"—be it so—we hope there is no chance of our having a duplicate of it. The words "never acted" also preceded it. It is a pity they were ever displaced. Press of other matter luckily obliges us to be brief with our theatricals this week. We would always rather praise than censure, but duty must not be shrunk from. However painful then, the fact must be stated: it is by far the worst comedy we ever saw—its plot is a bad hash, of the worst parts, of the worst plots, of the worst plays, of the worst period of dramatic writing. The incidents are unnatural, and the characters ill drawn. It purports to be satirical upon the higher orders, and displays an intensity of ignorance concerning their conversation, deportment, and actions, which must be witnessed to be believed. At this season of the year, when so many of the nobility are out of town, it surely would not have been difficult to obtain the services of some unoccupied footman, from the neighbourhood of Grosvenor or Berkeley Square to look over it, and correct a few bushels of the absurdities it contains. It is beyond us to guess upon what principle it was accepted—no one can fairly blame an author for getting his piece acted if he can, but how is it the management slept so soundly? Above all, how is it that it ventures to repeat a piece which was clearly condemned, and even to puff it as successful, when those who were present well know that the comic parts were, generally speaking, passed over in silence, and the serious ones, for the most part, laughed at? We should not say so much about a play which cannot survive above another night or two, but that we conscientiously believe its production to be mischievous to the cause of the Drama. At a time when there is such a complaint of the want of patronage of the theatres, it is provoking to those who wish them well, to see a piece produced which is calculated to bring stage representations into contempt, and to drive any members of the higher circle of society, who may chance to be in the lower circle of the house, out of it in disgust. The knowledge of the writer of this play does not seem to reach so high as even the aristocracy of the city—for Mr. Harley, as *Theophilus Muttelbury, Esq.*, in talking to his wife elect, of the probability of his becoming Lord Mayor, asks her how she shall like to be called "Lady Muttelbury." The character of *Lord Normanceur* (Mr. Cooper), described as a poetical peer just returned from his travels, seems to be intended for either a compliment to, or a satire upon, Lord Byron—we have no notion which. All we know, is, that he walks about with black pantaloons, black silk stockings, and a military cocked hat, and talks continually about admiring "The Woods." At first we suspected he meant Mr. and Mrs. Wood—but we were mistaken. He *will* go to the woods and forests, and he does so once too often—for he gets fired at by a poacher who has been em-

ployed by the next heir to the title to murder him. The aforesaid poacher is by no means so good a shot as those of his craft generally are, for it appears in the sequel that he has missed the peer and shot himself. To the confusion of the murderer's base employer, *Lord Normanceur* arrives in the last scene, with a large cloak round his head, to contradict, from authority, the report of his own death. The "Jack in the Green" appearance of Mr. Cooper at this critical juncture, produced shouts of laughter. We could bear out the sweeping condemnation we have given, by twenty other instances of outrage against common sense—but it is needless, and we shall abstain. We repeat, that the piece must be speedily withdrawn. The author of it has frequently contributed to the amusement of the public, and we hope will again—we make no charge against him, but that of having mistaken his line—when he returns to it, he will do well enough.

MISCELLANEA

The Ornithorhynchus Paradoxus.—The following interesting fact in Natural History was communicated by Dr. Weatherhead to the Committee of Science of the Zoological Society, at their meeting on Tuesday last.—For the last five and twenty years, naturalists in Europe have been striving to obtain the carcass of the impregnated female *Ornithorhynchus Paradoxus*, but without success, for it is by dissection alone that the hitherto doubtful and disputed point concerning the anomalous and paradoxical manner of bringing forth and rearing its young can be satisfactorily demonstrated. This long-sought-for desideratum is at length attained. Through the kindness of his friend, Lieutenant the Hon. Lauderdale Maule, of the 39th regiment, Dr. Weatherhead has had the bodies of several *Ornithorhynchi* transmitted to him from New Holland, in one of which the ova are preserved, establishing along with other curious circumstances ascertained, the extraordinary fact, that this animal, which combines the bird and quadruped together in its outward form, lays eggs and hatches them like the one, and rears and suckles them like the other.

Pompeii.—A letter from Naples, of recent date, says, "When the Duchess Max of Bavaria visited Pompeii in April last, in company with Professor Zahn, she had some excavations made in the *Casa di Goethe*, and the result was extremely gratifying; for, after digging seven feet, the excavators turned up two bronze tripods, two candelabras of the same metal, and a pair of terra-cotta lamps. The discovery of these tripods, in conjunction with ashes and skeletons of animals, would lead us to conclude, that the tenants of the spot were engaged in making their last sacrifice to the gods at the very moment when the town was engulfed in utter ruin. One of these tripods, in an excellent state of preservation and of exquisite beauty, was presented to the Duchess by his Neapolitan Majesty; it is the finest specimen of the antique which has been found at Pompeii, with the exception, perhaps, of a gem or two in the Museum. In the further excavations made under the eye of her consort, on the 1st of May, some marble decorations were brought to light; and on the night of the 18th the Duke gave on the spot a handsome banquet by torch-light, in honour of Goethe's memory; it was attended by several individuals, who were either acquaintances or admirers of the illustrious bard; and the solemnity of the occasion was enhanced by the recitation of several pieces of poetry, composed for the day, and interspersed with vocal and instrumental music.

Wrech, of Munich, who has just published 'A Tour to the Brazils, through England and Portugal,' observes, "After landing at Lisbon,

I was conducted to the police-office. 'Whence are you?' inquired the superintendent. 'From the kingdom of Bavaria.' This was a complete terra incognita to mine examiner: so recourse was had to an old map of Europe; and, whilst the man was indulging in a hearty roar at the diminitiveness of the royal inheritance, another Jack-in-office pulled out an immense map of Portugal, and turned to me, exclaiming with a sneer, 'Look'ye, Sir, here is something like a kingdom for you!'

Somnambulism.—An incredible story is told in a French paper of a child of twelve years of age, who was found standing up to his loins in the sea, near the Conquet, busy fishing for plaice with a *foïne*, a sort of harpoon used for striking flat fish. Some boatmen having approached him, they were astonished to find that the urchin was asleep, though he had succeeded in catching five or six plaice. On waking him, the child was as much astonished as the fishermen. He was conveyed home and put to bed, but had not been long in it before he was seized with a raging fever.

A pretty considerable Memory.—The following is related by Dupin of the celebrated Cuvier, whom he has just succeeded as one of the forty members of the French Academy. 'The labours, by which Cuvier immortalized himself, required immense powers of memory. His mind was stored not only with several thousand generic and specific names of animals of every species, but with the names and complicated genealogies of every leading family in Europe, both of times past and present. Nay, as if there were a craving after eastern luxury in this play of the memorative faculties, he could quote off hand the names and dynasties of every Asiatic prince and tribe, little as they seem deserving of the toil. He was probably the best informed scholar in Europe; and yet his memory humbled itself to the meanest subjects, and, as one who sought no other kind of scholarship, it heaped together all sorts of curious anecdotes, not forgetting the names of the parties concerned; and over and above all these recreations, faithfully husbanded the very text of any lampoon, epigram, or occasional poem, which was likely to acquire historical importance.'

When Madame de Staël and Madame Recamier were residing in the country, 'We imagined the idea,' says the former, 'of sitting round a green table after dinner, and writing letters to each other instead of conversing. These varied and multiplied *lèvres-à-têtes* amused us so much, that we were impatient to get from table, where we were talking, in order to go and write to one another. When any strangers came in, we could not bear the interruption of our habits; and our *penny-post* always went its round. One day a gentleman, who had never thought of any thing but hunting, came to take my boys with him into the woods: he remained some time seated at our active, but silent table. Madame Recamier wrote a little note to this jolly sportsman, in order that he might not be too much a stranger to the circle in which he was placed. He excused himself from receiving it, assuring us that he never could read writing by daylight.'

—*Ladies' Family Library.*

Patience.—'Ben,' said an angry father, the other day, 'I am busy now, but when I can find time, I will give you a hearty flogging.'—'Don't hurry yourself, pa,' said the patient boy, 'I can wait.'

Civility.—A young gentleman was found asleep in George Street, at an unreasonable hour. When brought before the magistrate, he confessed that he had been tipsy. 'Young man, you should be very sorry,'—'I am sorry,'—'You must be fined.'—Handing over the money, 'I am fined.'—*American Paper.*

Independence.—A Presbyterian clergyman in the north of Ireland replied to a person who boasted of his independence, 'Sir, when I hear a man proclaim himself independent, I always find that he means he is not to be depended upon.'

Back-woods of America—a conversation.—'Whose map did you use?' 'Mogg's.'—'What is the land?' 'Bogs.'—'The atmosphere?' 'Fogs.'—'What did you live on?' 'Hogs.'—'Of what are the houses built?' 'Logs.'—'Any fish in the ponds?' 'Frogs.'

Who is my Neighbour?—We copy the following from a Woodstock (Vermont, U. S.) paper.—An incident occurred in this neighbourhood on the 4th inst. so praiseworthy in itself, and so creditable to the parties concerned, that we cannot avoid noticing it.—The blacksmith's shop of an old man named Philip Harman, living near the North Mountain, took fire on the 3rd, and was entirely consumed, together with all its contents of a destructible nature, including his account book. The next morning about 40 of his neighbours assembled on the spot, with six wagons and teams, and felled, hewed, and hauled timber enough for another shop, which they raised up before night, besides making the old man up a purse of 16 dollars, to furnish him with the necessary tools to enable him to work again.

Gratitude.—An obscure cobbler once returned thanks through the newspapers, to the fire department for saving his stock. This caused considerable laughter, when a person observed, he supposed the poor fellow's stock was his awl. —*American Paper.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of Week. | Thermom. Max. Min. | Barometer. | Winds. | Weather. |
|---------------|--------------------|------------|------------|----------|
| Th. 6 | 73 37 | 29.85 | E. | Clear. |
| Fr. 7 | 69 34 | 29.70 | N.E. to N. | Cloudy. |
| Sat. 8 | 72 50 | Stat. | S.W. to W. | Iditto. |
| Sun. 9 | 68 54 | 29.63 | Iditto. | Iditto. |
| Mon. 10 | 64 54 | 29.65 | S.W. | Iditto. |
| Tues. 11 | 63 43 | 29.90 | SW to NW. | Clear. |
| Wed. 12 | 63 43 | 30.05 | S.W. | Cloudy. |

Prevailing Clouds.—Cirrostratus, Cirrocumulus, Cumulostratus.

Mean temperature of the week, 59°.

Nights fair, except on Thursday; Mornings fair, excepting Friday. Thunder and Lightning P.M. on Thursday.

Day decreased on Wednesday, 3h. 46 min.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Legends of the Library at Lilies, by Lord and Lady Nugent.

On October 1, a Magazine of Elemental Locomotion, and Monthly Reporter of Inventions, Discoveries, Patents, and Projects of National Utility, to be edited by Alexander Gordon, Esq., Civil Engineer.

Early in October, a volume of Poems, entitled, *Oriental Scenes, Sketches, and Tales*, by Emma Roberts, Author of *Memoirs of the Rival Houses of York and Lancaster*.

Christmas Tales, by Mr. Harrison.

An Account of Suspension Bridges, by C. S. Drewry.

Just published.—Condition of Anglo-Eastern Empire in 1822, 8vo. 9s.—*Corbyn on Cholera*, 8vo. 12s.—*Life and Characters of Gerhard Terslengen*, 8s. 8vo. 5s.—*Progressive Experience of the Heart*, by Mrs. Stevens, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—*Ram's Practical Treatise on Assets*, 8vo. 1s. 1s.—*Barker's Lempriere's Classical Dictionary*, 8vo. new edit., 16s.—*Hervey's Illustrations of Modern Sculpture*, No. 1, royal 16. 6s. 6d.—*Abbott's Elements of Trigonometry*, 7s.—*Cunningham's Arithmetical Text Book*, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—*Horner's Examples for Latin Verse*, 18mo. 3s.—*Diary and Correspondence of Mrs. Simpson*, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—*Dr. Bellenger's Select Essays*, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—*Memoirs of General Lafayette* and the French Revolution of 1830, 2 vols. 8vo. 17. 4s.—*St. Mark's Gospel*, Greek, Latin, and English Interlinear, 8vo. 5s.—*St. Matthew's Gospel*, Ditto, 9s.—*St. Luke's Gospel*, Ditto, 9s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

We think it well to inform our readers, that 'Zohrab the Hostage,' professedly reviewed in certain journals last week, is not yet published; we doubt, indeed, if it were then completely printed, but of this hereafter. Correspondents next week.

ADVERTISEMENTS

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—SENIOR DEPARTMENT.—The Classes, both for the regular and occasional Students, will re-commence on TUESDAY, the 9th of October next.

MEDICAL SCHOOL.—The Courses of Lectures and Demonstrations will begin on MONDAY, the 1st of October next, with an Introductory Lecture by Professor Green, F.R.S., at Three o'clock, p.m.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.—The Classes in the School will be re-opened on MONDAY next, the 17th instant, at Nine o'clock precisely.

Sept. 7, 1832. W. OTTER, M.A. Principal. A General Statement of the Courses, Lectures, &c. may be had at the Secretary's Office, or of B. Fellows, 29, Ludgate-street; and the other Booksellers.

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Prospectuses may be obtained at the Office of the University; and at Mr. Taylor's, Bookseller, Upper Gower-street. Sept. 1, 1832. THOMAS COATES, Secretary.

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Under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

On October 1, will be published, by Baldwin and Cradock, No. 1, price 6d. of

A TREATISE ON CATTLE.

And on October 15, No. 1. of

BRITISH HUSBANDRY.

* * A number of copies of these works will be published alternately, viz. on the 1st and 15th of every month.

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